new Masses

SEPTEMBER 25, 1934 10c

Terror in Rhode Island

By WALTER SNOW

Romanticism and Communism

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Left and Leftward Writers

LANGSTON HUGHES *by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER*

MAXWELL BODENHEIM *by EDWIN SEAVER*

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by Ramon Fernandez

THE COLLECTIVE NOVEL
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IN A HOTEL LOBBY
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by Tillie Lerner

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PARTISAN REVIEW
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New Masses

SEPTEMBER 25, 1934

THE Communist contention that the capitalist commonwealth is balanced on the points of its bayonets was never more clearly shown than during the past week. The locale of the demonstration was the textile strike, now in its third week. The employers, exasperated at the bare-armed resistance of the strikers to machine-guns, bestirred themselves in the way they best understand: the use of more machine-guns. Woonsocket and Saylesville and Honea Path —12 workers dead—had not terrified the strikers. The operators demanded more troops, more guns, more force. And they are getting all. Martial law governs Georgia. The Guardsmen are double-quicking it in ten states. The President of the United States was on the verge of ordering Federal troops to Rhode Island. Three battalions of the 16th Infantry awaited orders to move "to crush violence." Squadrons of military planes waited like buzzards to hop off from Mitchell Field. But the President's advisers suddenly remembered that all other presidents who had shipped troops to strike areas failed of re-election. They delayed Roosevelt's decisions. Marching through Georgia today are helmeted National Guardsmen kidnaping strikers, imprisoning them in 100 percent American concentration camps. Very significant it is for Dixie, that of the 200 arrested many were Negro men and women who had fought side by side with their white comrades. Carloads of heavily armed guardsmen are speeding through the state—like Hitler's June 30th S. S. men—battering their way through picket lines, clubbing, jailing, their guns cocked to kill. Governor Talmadge comments approvingly on General Camp, of the National Guard, "Lindley Camp has caught the flying squadron and is on his way to Atlanta with it."

Jacob Burck

"NO ONE WILL STARVE"

IF anyone still questions whose National Guard it is, let him consider the following Associated Press reports:

> At Griffin, Ga., eleven mills opened as National Guardsmen formed lines for the workers to enter the property. . . .
> Mills at Augusta continued operating and the Bibb mill near Columbus was reopened under National Guard and civil officers. . . .
> At Porterdale, Ga., three mills of the Bibb Manufacturing Company resumed operation at 9:30 A. M. when two National Guard companies arrived. . . .

But the textile workers revolting against stretch-out as barbarous as the medieval rack and screw, are fighting like only workers in rebellion—Heaven-stormers, Marx called them—can. The news services admitted that the "counter-offensive" of the bosses in the South "resulted in 20 mills reopening out of hundreds closed . . . a return of 4,000 out of 172,476 on strike."

BULLETS alone cannot stampede rebelling workers back into starvation. Governor Green of Rhode Island, millionaire collector of Japanese prints, learned this after his troops shot down scores and killed two in Woonsocket and Saylesville. The strike there, like in the South, continues. It grows. His tirade against the Reds was aimed to corral support from all classes for his Fascistic violence. "The state is confronted by a Communist insurrection and not a textile strike," he said. That, too, was the opinion of Floor Leader Harry Bodwell (R.) who thundered, "The very pillars of society are being seriously threatened by flares of Communism. This is no strike. It is an insurrection. . . ." Insurrection? The

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rebelling strikers, like the murdered sailor in *Potemkin,* "ask for little." Shorter hours, the end of speedup, a slight increase in wages and recognition of the union. This is Red anarchy! Communist insurrection! And General Hugh Johnson blurted at Carnegie Hall, "When I think of George Sloan, my heart weeps." Who is George Sloan? A textile striker mowed down by 32 slugs? No, George Sloan is head of the textile manufacturers' association!

THE Secretary of the Communist Party, Earl Browder, minced no words with the Governor of Rhode Island. "You know," he wired Gov. Green, "that your talk about Communist insurrection is conscious *lying* to hide your responsibility for ordering cold-blooded murder of textile pickets." Browder demanded that the military be withdrawn. He termed the attacks upon the Communists "who give all efforts to help with the strike for more decent conditions" an integrated part of the whole strikebreaking program which includes "the Fascist denial of elementary civil rights." The Communists, he said, are "mobilizing workers and all enemies of your Fascist program" for national protest. And this protest is rising over the country. It is mounting not only against the naked terrorism of the state government: it smashes also against the treacherous policies of the A. F. of L. leaders. Yesterday they talked fight; today, it is mediation. Tomorrow, it will be cowardly compromise. They go through the motions of opposition to General Johnson. They know well that the tongue is Johnson's but the thought, Roosevelt's. Yet they consistently drum up confidence "in our President." And our President, that smug, shrewd demagogue at one moment weighs the advisability of sending Federal troops into the strike areas and the next is off for the yacht races at Newport, R. I., a few miles from the slaughter-house of Saylesville and Woonsocket, R. I.

PROTEST rises everywhere as the strikers' heroism becomes known nationally. And they need the support of the entire working-class, of honest men and women in all strata of society. The A. F. of L. leadership refuses to issue a call to its millions of members to raise relief. Other workingmen and friends have banded together for this purpose in such organizations as the Workers' International Relief and the New York Provisional Committee for the Relief of Textile Strikers, at 870 Broadway, N. Y. And more, even the military is raising its voice in protest. Working-class youths in uniform, members of the 212th Anti-Aircraft Regiment of the New York National Guard wired Governor Blackwood of South Carolina, protesting the use of "National Guardsmen as strikebreakers." Most stirring of all, perhaps, was the sympathetic one day general strike in Hazelton, Pa., in the heart of the anthracite country. There 25,000 miners marched in support of their brothers in textile. They closed down every shop, every store, every factory. Not a tipple sounded, not a newspaper appeared. Everybody was on the streets in support of the greatest strike in American labor history.

THE principal afterthoughts we have of the munitions inquiry by the Senate up to date are the tender loving-kindness with which Senators Nye, et al. have been treating the blueblooded criminals at the head of the American Death-trust, the constant mysterious pressure for silence exerted by the War, Navy, and State Departments, and the general shallowness and inadequacy of the whole show. True, as we related last week, it is a scandal and scarification to the pious leeches who profit most from the business, to the "Liberty-league" Du Ponts, even to King George who was forced to wash his hands in public of the charge of throne-room gun-peddling. But in the main the stories of interlocking sales agreements by Metro-Vickers, Soley and Company, Du Pont and the notorious Sir Basil Zaharoff were well known, in substance, before the investigation began. These firms and individuals have never made any distinction between "enemy" countries and their own. Together they constitute the monstrous pyramid of Imperialist heavy industry, dominating all other national or international interests and recognizing no frontiers. These facts have merely been given wider circulation by the limelight on the Nye committee room. There are fresh signs this week that the limelight is becoming increasingly painful to the father of the New Deal and his boys.

THE investigations took a new turn this week, of much more direct interest to the masses who have to be the targets of the munitions. The inquiry into the Pratt-Whitney airplane corporation on Monday, September 17, seems to us the most important single day of the sitting. Pratt & Whitney are a subsidiary of United Aircraft, controlled by National City Bank. It was shown that there had been a tremendous increase in United Aircraft business in Germany during the first eight months of this year. All the sales of this company abroad during that period totaled $1,753,645. Of this sum $1,445,913 represented sales to Germany alone. Donald L. Brown, President of Pratt and Whitney, offered the usual diplomatic evasion that "Our information was that the shipments were not for military purposes." He also said that not an engine had been shipped to Germany without the knowledge and consent of the United States Government. In other words, the astounding admission was made that the U. S. Government is an avowed party to arming Hitler in support of the Nazi terror against German workers, and in violation of the Treaty of Versailles! No less interesting is the admission of the fact, as reported in the New York Times, that the Department of Commerce in Washington, through its aviation section, aided in the procurement of American instructors for Chinese aviators. As may be expected following this, the United Aircraft did a big business selling airplanes to the murderous Nanking Government for the purpose of bombing revolutionary Chinese populations and the Red Armies of China. The same Pratt and Whitney Corporation admitted having fished in the profitable war business of Bolivia, Columbia and Peru, where it was previously shown that American army and navy officers had helped sell the war products of the Electric Boat Co., and other American munitions firms. These devious operations of one arm of the international mass undertakers and munitions assassins were carried out with the direct patronage of the President's Cabinet members, and should shatter the illusions of those who believe that "government control" will put an end to the "illicit" sale of munitions. All sale of munitions is "illicit," but munitions are already "government controlled" for and in the interests of big industries whose willing tools the governments are. . . . The Senate committee on investigation of the munitions industry has hinted that it will look into the question of who sells the gasbombs and other "full equipment of all types of arms" with which the National Guard and the private guerillas of the

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textile owners have been supplied to murder workers and break the textile strike. But before the members of the Nye Committee have got far into the No Man's Land of the textile massacres, they will probably take a dose of sleeping gas themselves.

MASS protests that reached gigantic proportions in New York City last weekend greeted Mayor LaGuardia's cold-blooded bluff to stop relief checks. All over the greater city area jobless delegations stormed the relief bureaus. On Monday the National Unemployment Councils threw picket lines around the Home Relief Bureau at 30 Sheriff Street. The day following, all white collar emergency employes and professional relief workers stopped work from 2 to 4 P. M. These actions were a protest against the use of relief workers as pawns in the political squabbles at City Hall. Demonstrators demanded that the city use $39,000,000 which Comptroller McGoldrick admitted could be spent at the Mayor's or his own discretion. By Tuesday morning it was announced that LaGuardia had ordered Commissioner Hodson to send out the usual Saturday and Monday paychecks totalling $882,000. But both Mayor and Commissioner continued to delay on the question whether work relief wages or home relief allotments would be paid. Finally the fecund Fiorello hatched a 3-point tax plan based largely on a lottery.

THE business tax which LaGuardia has sponsored all along was as vicious as his present proposal since both taxes must be paid by the masses through increases in the prices of commodities. The threat to cut off work relief served two purposes: (1) to arouse popular fury against the Democratic Aldermen and thus force them to pass the business tax bill, and (2) to gauge just to what degree work relief could be safely curtailed. The magnificent retaliation by organized mass pressure is the answer to this latest heartless experiment practised at the expense of the suffering, famished millions on relief. It is scarcely necessary to analyze the Mayor's three-point tax plan. Its 1/10 of 1 percent tax on gross corporation receipts will be passed on, of course, to the consumer. Its tax of 15 percent of the amount of Federal income tax adds to the already intolerable tax burden on the small salaried majority. It provides a lottery plan in which memberships in the municipal relief association would be sold for $2.50—and this membership becomes a lottery ticket. This means that the unemployed and the workers would be mulcted of $2.50 to hold on to their jobs or their relief payments. Finally, the plan would yield less than one-third of the city's already inadequate relief funds. Once again, therefore, the attempt is made to shift the burden of relief from the bankers onto the shoulders of millions in need. The working masses will reply to this and all other schemes of relief robbery by a mass "March of the Forgotten Man" on City Hall. Three hundred and fifty thousand leaflets have been issued calling for marchers to mobilize at Union Square Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

AMERICAN capitalism, in its open assaults on the workers, meets today with a kind of resistance that is unprecedented in its bandit career. It must be bewildering to the agents of big business in California, for example, to see militant organizations swinging back into action within a few short weeks after the murderous raids throughout that state. The "death blow to Communism," the "war of extermination" failed to come off, for here are a few recent events in California: Darcy-for-Governor headquarters are opened in San Francisco and Sacramento to push the candidacy of Sam Darcy, Communist leader. Leo Gallagher, supported by Communists and left-wing workers for the Supreme Court, polls 180,000 votes in the primary. Pat Chambers, Albert Hougardy and a score of other strike leaders, are conducting campaigns for office while in jail or under indictment. Paul and Violet Orr, whose home was sacked, are running for office in Contra Costa County. The Western Worker, "suppressed" by fire and vandalism, comes out regularly twice a week and has brought suit for $3,000 damages against police heads and 9 "John Does" in the police department. Other organizations are also suing for an additional $3,500 for property damaged. Several of the famous "thousand-dollar vagrant" cases have been won by mass pressure. Vigorous protests forced the return of five class war prisoners from the chain gang to El Centro County jail in the Imperial Valley. Demonstrations are regularly held in San Francisco, Los Angeles and points between. An attempt to bar workers from relief for their political opinions, headed by welfare chief Wollenberg, of San Francisco, was exposed and defeated. George Anderson, lawyer for the International Labor Defense, aroused San Franciscans by charging that Judge Steiger had visited six defendants in their cells and

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"sentenced" them there and then without trials. On August 28, a strike of 5,000 lettuce pickers was called in the Salinas Valley, and a widespread cotton strike is under way in other parts of the state. The crowning arrogance of California fascist courts is the indictment for perjury of nine working-class leaders for having circulated petitions last spring to put the Communist candidates on the state ballot. Answering this move, a technical maneuver to illegalize the Communist Party, Anita Whitney, one of the accused and a veteran fighter for workers' rights on the Coast, said, "These bosses' servants have thrown down the gauntlet of war and we are ready to take it up!"

THE California Vigilantes, despite the failure of their efforts to suppress militant struggles against hunger and slavery in their own state, have marched on Washington, with grandiose hopes of becoming the "National Vigilantes of 1934." They have opened an office in the National Press Building of that city, under the name of "America First! Inc." The forces behind this group are the old guard of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Industrial Association, and the corrupt Steamship Lobby. Robert B. Armstrong, named as vice-president of America First! Inc., is also vice-president of the Los Angeles Steamship Co., and shares his Washington offices with the L. A. Chamber of Commerce and with R. B. Armstrong, Jr., of the Washington Western News Service. The announced program states that America First! Inc., will "protect the Constitution from subversive attacks" and will "cooperate with the leading patriotic societies, chambers of commerce and trade associations." This means that it will attempt a greater centralization of the thug-trust and red-baiter's monopoly, while spreading the California brand of industrial slavery. America First! Inc., like the American Liberty League and other spawn of growing Fascism, will only raise the slogans of "liberty" and "constitutionalism" so long as these slogans successfully conceal their real purpose of suppression. When concealment yields to exposure, they will be driven to the Mussolini slogan: *"Liberty is a rotten carcass!"*

WE are very much relieved and quite reassured. Being historical materialists, we had thought, it seems erroneously, that five years of crisis had seriously harmed our cultural and artistic life. And being investigators of sorts, we had thought we had ascertained and proved, as it were, that libraries were being closed and their appropriations cut, that thousands of schools were shut down and others overcrowded, that even moving picture audiences had fallen off twenty five percent, that symphony orchestras were in dire straits and first rate musicians unemployed, that book publishing had dropped, that even pulp magazines, which are a great cultural force, had gone out of business, that the Graphic, Mcfadden daily, had suspended publication, that theatres were closed—in short, that culture, bourgeois culture, as we called it, was afflicted. But it took only one meeting on Sept. 13 to show us that we were just ignorant, and probably damned, Reds. The meeting was attended by Dr. Ira S. Wiley, former Commissioner of Education (and lecturer in psychology and allied matters at the New School), Colonel H. Edmund Bullis, executive officer of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene; Philip N. Youtz, director of the Brooklyn Museum of Art; H. M. Lydenberg, associate director of the N. Y. Public Library, and Forrest Grant, director of art in the N. Y. city public schools. And these people told us where we get off, especially Dr. Wile. Newspaper report read: "President Roosevelt's program has given the people a new opportunity for mental and spiritual development, for self-expression and for the promotion of happiness, . . . Dr. Wile pointed out that this opportunity, fostered by increasing facilities for education, for musical and art appreciation, for government sponsored drama and similar cultural movements, has been 'eagerly grasped' by the public with 'vastly beneficial results' . . . We must not let . . . (these) . . pass out of the picture with the return of prosperity." (What, *hasn't* it returned already, Dr.?) But the coup de grace was given to us by Colonel Bullis who proves that there is "increasing mental health the country over." At first we couldn't quite understand. But then we worked it out: Health is a function of exercise; therefore mental health is increasing because the masses are exercising their minds more, *thinking* about the N.R.A., the election campaign, about the united front of the working-class against the bosses, *thinking* in short. Thank you, colonel. As the followers of Dr. Divine say, "It's wonderful!"

A POWERFUL kind of unity does exist in at least one spot in the United States. In the little town of Martins Ferry, Ohio, we have the not unusual spectacle of the working-class backing the rights of a professional worker, a case made unusual by the wide united front character of the defense. James Stevenson, history teacher in the local high school, has not been reappointed by the school board. Recently the board went further: it abolished the position altogether. The following item, tucked away on the woman's page of the Herald-Tribune, between a bridge article, carries information of tremendous importance about the political development of the working-class:

> MARTINS FERRY, OHIO, Sept. 2 (UP.)—Unless James Stevenson is reappointed history teacher in the local high school, a school strike will be called and offices and homes of school members will be picketed, according to resolutions adopted by United Mine Workers Local No. 71 and Branch 4513, International Workers Order. Stevenson was not reappointed this year and the school board recently abolished the position.

This struggle to defend a single teacher's livelihood is clearly to the workers a struggle to defend the educational rights of their children. And we have here a militant united front between a local of the American Federation of Labor and a branch of the International Workers Order. In small events of this nature, in many corners of the United States, the working-class demonstrates daily the growth of unity, theoretical understanding, and political militancy among its members.

THE Macaulay Company, which three months ago was forced to give way to the growing movement of unionization in the white collar class, has again attempted to defy this irresistible movement. On Friday, September 14, it dismissed four union members constituting the entire shop committee. The discharged employees included people essential to the conduct of the business —the two editors, the telephone operator, and the bookkeeper—a fact which destroys the company's claim that the action was dictated purely by bad business conditions. Three shipping room workers, who had scabbed during the first strike, were retained, and an attempt was made to bribe the other workers, the publicity department secretary and two members of the book-

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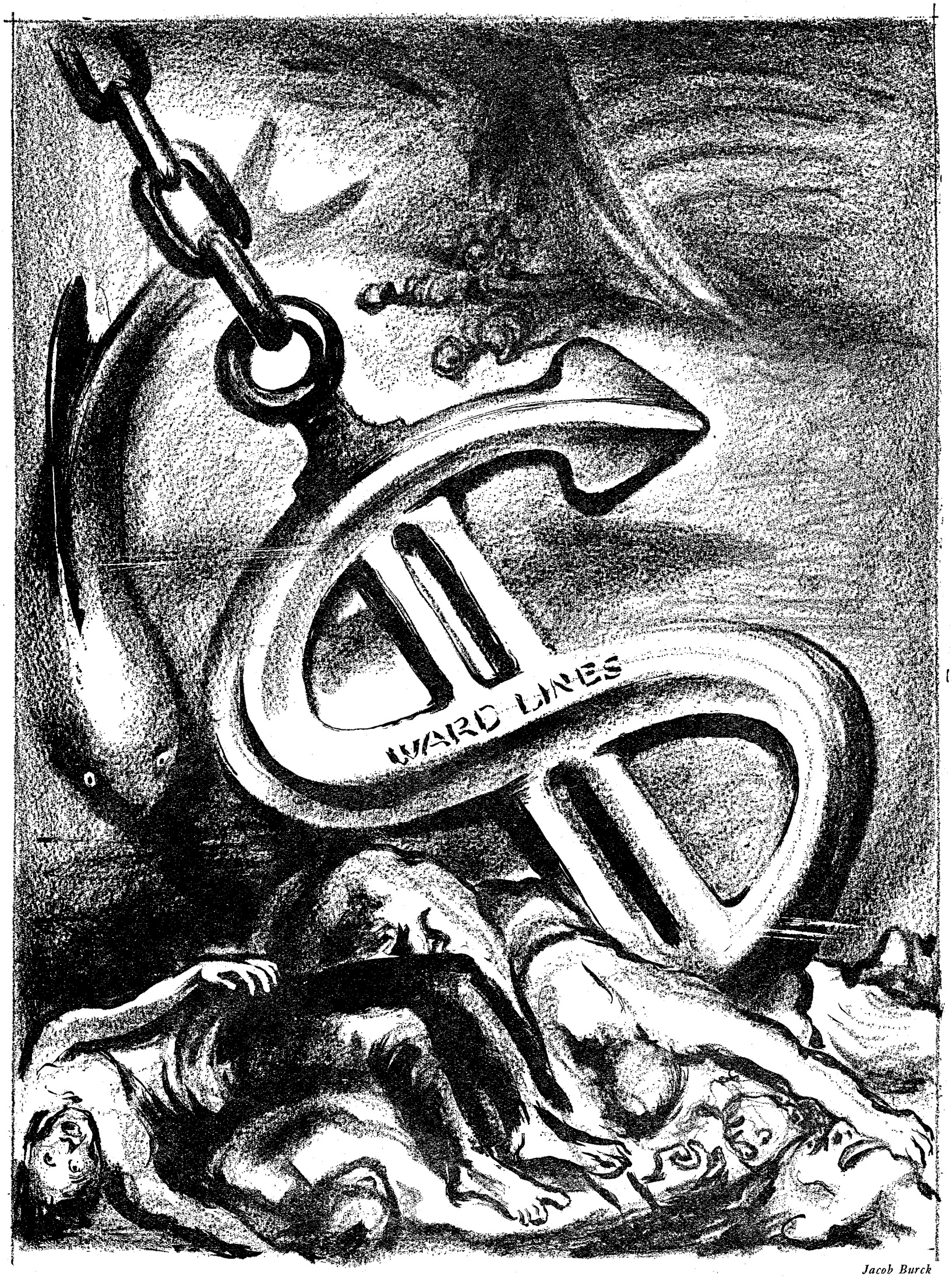

Jacob Burck

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CASE

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keeping staff, by giving them raises. Of these two, Frieda Seiden and Betty Falk in the bookkeeping department, unhesitatingly spurned the bribe and joined in the strike that was immediately called. As in the previous strike, the authors collaborated magnificently along with workers from other publishing houses, book shops, literary agencies, artistic critics, and workers recruited by the Office Workers' Union.

ORGANIZED by a group of writers and artists around THE NEW MASSES in the fall of 1929, the John Reed Club of New York was the first of a number of similar groups formed in places as far apart as Boston and Oklahoma City, New Haven and Hollywood, Seattle and Philadelphia. Many of the clubs are located in the Midwest, with Chicago as the regional center. These groups have played a leading role in building the foundation of a proletarian culture in this country. They have transformed art forms in the United States like the "chalk-talk," into effective means of propaganda. They have aided the workers in their demonstrations and mass meetings by freely contributing their artistic talents. In addition to organizational and agitational work, John Reed Club members have produced magazines and books of literary criticism, poetry, fiction, reportage; they have helped to edit working-class papers and to write mass leaflets. In a number of cities, the John Reed Clubs were the first organizations to win middle-class intellectuals and professionals to the revolutionary movement. Delegates from these clubs will meet in Chicago during September 28-30, to work out plans for future activities. Among the topics to be discussed at this national meeting are: plans for J.R.C. magazines, the relationship of N.R.A. and the artist, the extension of work among Negro intellectuals, traveling exhibits, the terror against revolutionary cultural groups in California, etc. The meeting will take place at the Chicago John Reed Club, 505 South State Street.

The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 12.—Eight shot, many hurt, in strike clashes at Woonsocket and Saylesville, R. I. . . . 20,000 prepare to strike Monday in New Jersey dye mills. . . . National Association of Manufacturers advises employers to ignore Labor Board ruling enforcing majority rule in collective bargaining by unions. . . . Morro Castle radio chief declares captain delayed sending SOS. . . . Roosevelt says both Republicans and Democrats in office use relief funds to build up political machines. . . . Du Pont Company profits were $1,245,000,000 allowing dividends of 458 percent on stock, munitions inquiry reveals. . . . Drastic anti-picketing injunction issued against shoe workers in New Jersey despite recent Federal Court victory won by furniture workers in their strike.

Thursday.—Captain of Dollar liner Cleveland accused by officers of laxity in extending aid to Morro Castle victims. . . . Rhode Island legislature refuses to authorize Governor Green to call for Federal troops in textile strike. . . . Injunction restrains New Jersey silk workers from striking or talking strike. . . . Edgar H. Furlong, 34, striking relief worker of Nutley, N. J., arrested by overseer for non-support of family. . . . Secretary of Treasury Morgenthau modifies recent ban preventing Federal employes from engaging in political activities. . . . John D. Rockefeller, Sr., failing in health.

Friday.—With thirty-odd million dollars in treasury, New York City announces it is "broke" and stops cash relief to needy families. . . . Illicit inflammable polishes used on Morro Castle, inquiry is told. . . . Du Ponts hired spy to sell arms to Germany through "bootleg" trade channels, munitions probe told. . . . Gen. Johnson says textile strike is "absolute violation" of United Textile Workers' Union agreement with Government and that industry is last in which to call strike because "code doubled cost of cotton goods." . . . Eleven prominent men, members of the executive committee of the failed New York Title and Mortgage Trust Company, indicted in New York for making deceptive financial statement.

Saturday.—Blue Eagle is ordered withdrawn from Houde Engineering Company, Buffalo, for its refusal to bargain collectively with union employes. . . . Francis J. Gorman, textile strike leader, calls for resignation of Gen. Johnson. . . . Industrial leaders at secret conference map plan to scrap New Deal enactments, establish monopoly cartels. . . . Andrew Mellon sued on charges of income tax frauds. . . . National Labor Board orders election by Kohler Co. employes to choose collective bargaining representatives; rules company violated N.R.A. labor section. . . . "Outside interests" started the present textile strike, Henry Ford asserts.

Sunday.—Richberg and Johnson row over appointment of Mrs. Rosenberg as New York State director of N.R.A. Council. . . . Thirty-five Philadelphia labor groups ask immediate resignation of Johnson. . . . Two killed by shots when Jefferson County, Ala., miners try to unionize a mine. . . . North Hollywood, Cal., business men, in effort to save money, sweep town's streets.

Monday.—America's Cup races start at Newport. . . . Pratt and Whitney, organized with capital of $1,000, made $11,437,250 profits in eight years, munitions investigation reveals. . . . Relief check payments resumed in New York under plan to increase taxes and start a lottery. . . . Stock prices sink to approximate lows of year. . . . Net income of Pennsylvania Railroad for first seven months of this year are $10,920,908. . . . Jimmy McLarnin wins welterweight title in bout with Barney Ross.

Tuesday—Secretary Cordell Hull says State Department opposes sale of munitions to Germany, but munitions inquiry reveals traffic is large. . . . Federal bank examination rules relaxed to ease credit. . . . New York merchants start drive to use scab labor on piers. . . . Passaic police brutally club textile strike pickets. . . . Government warns public to beware of accepting counterfeit $100 bill. . . . Macaulay Publishing Company workers strike against discriminatory dismissals of employes. . . . Nome, Alaska, in ruins following a fire.

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The Soviet Union in the League

THE SOVIET UNION'S entrance into the League of Nations is an event of transcendent importance to millions of workers and their allies the world over. True to its profound abhorrence of imperialist war, the Soviet Union takes frank advantage of the rivalries of capitalist powers, the irremovable antagonisms within the capitalist world and the weaknesses presented by the capitalist crisis, in order to buttress the cause of peace and save the lives of millions for revolution and socialism.

Needless to say, membership in the League does not mean that the workers' and peasants' government subscribes to the monstrous Versailles Treaty on which the League was founded, or approves of the war-fostering collusions and conspiracies which have been going on within and around the League since its beginning.

What it means is that the Soviet Government, sharply aware of the intricate and ever-changing balance of the international situation, is consistently flexible (dialectical) in its handling of a complex and changing situation. It seizes upon every potential or realizable agency to defend the working-class from another war.

As Litvinov has said, "We are not doctrinaire and do not refuse to make use of any international confederation or association so long as we have grounds for believing that they will serve the cause of peace."

The question is whether the League of Nations constitutes such an "international confederation or association" as Litvinov had in mind.

We must realize that the League in 1934 is not the same as it was when rigged up after the World War by the victorious imperialist powers for the purpose of imposing their wills upon the defeated countries, as well as in opposition to the first workers' state in the world.

The persistent refusal of the United States to join the League, the inability of the League to control events in Manchuria and the Chaco, the utter fiasco of the Disarmament Conference, and, above all, the scornful withdrawal of Japan and Germany, have all contributed to a sense of frustration within, and a new modesty on the part of, the League.

On the other hand, the Soviet Union, despite intervention, blockades, calumny, sabotage, and enemy plots, progressed steadily and invincibly, developing its industries, modernizing and collectivizing its agriculture, educating its masses, consolidating its gains, strengthening its defenses, gaining millions of friends among the downtrodden and exploited people of the world, and finally rising to a position of international pre-eminence which even the bitterest enemies of the workers' and peasants' government scarcely dare challenge.

An imperialist attack on the U. S. S. R. now would mean a war of such magnitude that it would shake the capitalist world to its foundation, and would usher in a series of Soviet Republics on every continent.

With two major powers gone, the League was headed toward complete impotence.

The entrance of the powerful Soviet Union, representing 165 million people, vitalizes the League, but by this very fact it also puts the Soviet Union in a strategic position within the League.

For one reason or another, the major League members are for the present interested in preserving peace.

The Soviet Union also, though for different reasons, is interested in preserving peace.

Japan and Germany, the only major powers out of this international body, are rattling their sabers at Russia.

By cooperating with the forces antagonistic to either Hitler Germany or Imperialist Japan, as well as with the countries which have even if momentarily good reason to favor peace, the Soviet Union strengthens its position, which is ultimately the position of the world proletariat, against its immediately dangerous enemies.

How pathetically ridiculous, in view of the inevitable trend of events, are the puny creatures representing Panama, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, etc., who have been taking umbrage at Soviet entrance into the League.

Forewith, Panama's dignity and delicate sense of propriety will suffer if its representatives sit at the same table with the representative of a country "where the people are starving!"

And Mr. Giuseppe Motta, of Switzerland, armed with a broomstick to fight back the engulfing proletarian ocean, whimpered toothless imprecations and pigmy threats. He promised to confront the Soviet representatives "with several open questions." Aye, "the resolution of the Assembly relating to Georgia will not sleep the sleep of death," and "Armenia, Ukrania, and other countries will still enjoy the interest of men of good will." This exponent of hotel-keeper morality and ten-cent show histrionics was raising his voice "to demand explanation" of the Soviet Government "on behalf of the conscience of mankind."

Significantly, "the whole audience applauded him as, shaking his head sorrowfully, he resumed his seat."

These gentlemen of the big imperialist countries applauded their diminutive alter ego. They, too, should have loved to snub the Soviet or at least to pour out their sorrows before such a sympathetic audience, but, unlike Panama and Switzerland, they could not afford to "deny to ourselves opportunism . . . of the highest and most legitimate order."

That the Soviet Union enters the League with open eyes can be judged by the editorial comment of Izvestia, official organ of the U. S. S. R.:

"While consenting to the invitation of the majority of the members of the League of Nations, the Soviet Government nevertheless does not forget that for a number of those powers comprising the League of Nations, apart from those who withdrew from the League, enmity towards the country which is building Socialism may prove stronger than the fear of war.

"While public opinion in the Soviet Union therefore whole-heartedly welcomes the readiness of the Soviet Union to enter the League of Nations, it for no single moment forgets that the cause of peace depends primarily on two factors: *upon the will of the masses in all countries towards peace, and also upon the strength of the Soviet Union.*

"The stronger the Soviet Union, the stronger its frontiers, the more vigilantly its independence is guarded by the Red Army, the more will imperialist adventurers fear to conduct policies of aggression which can only end in their complete annihilation."

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Terror in Rhode Island As

WALTER SNOW

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

WITH THE Communist Party outlawed in Rhode Island but with the textile strike more than 96 percent effective, militiamen and police are continuing a terroristic campaign against militant pickets and radicals. Of the State's 47,000 textile workers, at least 45,000 are out, silencing 133 plants. The "mopping up" process is a prelude to an attempt to re-open key mills under rings of bayonet steel.

Ferrets, greedy for bribes, seek out all suspected of taking part in the Saylesville-Central Falls battle, which raged for three days and three nights with ten shot, one fatally, or at Woonsocket, scene of a ten-hour barricade fight where one youth was killed and three wounded. At least 25,000—men, women and children—were targets of tear and nausea gas in the two struggles.

Hundreds have been arrested in the three cities, where the streets are "No Man's Lands" of barbed wire entanglements and machine-gun nests. New seizures are reported hourly. Sixteen "known Reds" including John Weber, Providence Communist organizer, and Oreal Grossman, International Labor Defense attorney, are awaiting trials on Sept. 25. Numerous six-month sentences have been meted out, one to a boy for merely yelling "scab" in a non-martial zone.

First among the mills planning to re-open is the Sayles Finishing Company, dominated by Robert B. Dresser, State Republican boss, and scene of the first and last fighting. Another is the nearby Pawtucket plant of J. & P. Coats, R. I., Inc., of which Democratic Governor Theodore Francis Green is a leading stockholder and was formerly President. It closed Sept. 6 and later, forced most of its 3,000 employes to petition the Governor for "protection from intimidation." Largely English owned, Coats, through its affliated American Thread Co., whose heavily guarded Willimantic, Conn., mills alone are operating, holds a world cotton thread monopoly.

Only a few small factories in Central Falls, Apponaug, West Warwick, Cranston and Bristol are running with skeleton staffs under National Guard martial law. Gov. Green conferred at the Newport yacht races with President Roosevelt, who previously had ordered regular troops to be held in readiness, and War Secretary Dern. As Rhode Island has only 2,000 National Guardsmen, all now on duty, there is great likelihood that Federal soldiers will be summoned.

Meanwhile, anti-Communist slanders pour from pulpit, press, radio and United Textile Workers Union misleaders Thomas McMahon, Francis J. Gorman and Horace Riviere, who are attempting to halt mass picketing. But 15,000 workers, marching on Sunday, Sept. 16, in a funeral procession through the Central Falls-Pawtucket factory district, broke an ominous silence to shout that they would be on hand weekdays to keep the mills closed.

As flying squadrons of pickets swept through the Blacktone River Valley, shutting one mille after another, two clashes occurred during the strike's first week at the Sayles plant just north of the Moshassuck Cemetery. The largest rayon-treating firm in the trade, Sayles boasted that it had never been closed in any previous walk-out. It announced that starting Monday, Sept. 10, a deadline would be established around its plant. The Republican mill barons gave their henchman, Jonathan Andrews, High Sheriff of Providence County, a rich harvest in special fees. He was paid a minimum of $12 for deputy sheriffs hired, permitted by law to pocket half of each fee and give the remaining $6 to G. O. P. ward heelers and gangsters. Food, lodging and entertainment were furnished free. There is no question that the new deputies provoked violence to win more blood money for themselves and additional cronies. Mill officials, hoping that martial law would break the State-wide strike, encouraged the blood lust. "The deputies were drunk," a scarred veteran of the Moshassuck battle told me. "About 600 of us pickets began assembling on Lonsdale Avenue on Monday to halt the 3 o'clock afternoon shift from scabbing. State troopers hurled tear gas and began whacking us with long riot clubs. A few stones flew in self-defense. Some clubs were confiscated. Suddenly the wind shifted, blowing the fumes backwards. Then hell broke loose. At the filtration plant 20 deputies opened up with buckshot. Three fell wounded. The word spread and the crowd began to rally from all Central Falls."

Five thousand swelled the workers' ranks, battling far into the night. More than 25 are treated for injuries, including a striker with a fractured skull. A woman and two children topple unconscious in their nearby homes from gas. Meanwhile, the Governor mobilizes a skeleton regiment at a Providence armory.

Beginning early Tuesday morning, the picket line grows hourly on the bloody ground in front of the Filtration Plant. When the mid-afternoon shifts change, 5,000 strikers, disregarding gas fumes, charge the Filtration Plant. The outer gate gives way and a small gate shack is overturned. As if surprised by its own daring, the crowd retreats voluntarily.

From the mill roofs, the deputies blaze riot guns, riddling three pickets including 75-year-old Mrs. Leonie Gussart. There are two more volleys of buckshot. Brig. Gen. Herbert R. Dean hurries to the mill with 280 members of Field and Coast Artillery companies on caissons. Armed with long billies, they club back the pickets, hurling tear and nausea grenades. Stones echo on steel helmets. A brick-loaded builder's truck furnishes ammunition until troops capture it. Another volley and a fourth picket drops, shot in the head.

Strikers retreat into Moshassuck Cemetery, seeking shelter behind grave stones. At 6 p. m. the Governor mobilizes the entire National Guard, sending 220 more troops to Saylesville. The re-enforced guardsmen with fixed bayonets, enter the cemetery firing two more volleys. As a self-defense move, workers shatter street lights to mask women carrying off fighters unconscious from clubbings and gas. Autos are halted, being forced to dim lights or detour. All pickets captured are arrested. Meanwhile Gov. Green radios that his Guardsmen are not firing shots and Joseph A. Sylvia, New England U. T. W. strike director, confers in the Sayles mill with Gen. Dean.

Under cover of darkness the workers advance on three fronts, stoning more street lights. Guardsmen send up illuminating flares, followed by gas bombs. In one sally, the workers seize twelve grenades. Shortly before midnight, 50 Guardsmen charge down Lonsdale Avenue but scamper back from a rock barrage. Although gas fumes reach the Woodlawn district, a mile away, workers hold possession of the graveyard until dawn when the Guardsmen's ranks swell to 1,300. Wednesday morning only 200 scabs show up.

Holes are pickaxed in the pavement, corkscrew poles are erected and barbed wire is strung across all thoroughfares. At noon, according to an agreement between Gen. Dean and Organizer Sylvia, ten separate groups of ten pickets each, wearing white arm bands with black U. T. W. letters, pass inside the militia lines.

Outside the barbed wire entanglements a crowd gathers. Some climb into the cemetery, noting that only a couple of flat slabs are overturned. Suddenly a bayonet charge sweeps the burial grounds. In violation of the supposed truce, gas grenades curve there and into the street. Groups of accredited pickets retreat in confusion. Shouts of protest pierce the air. Young Charley Gorcynski, William Blackwood, father of two children, and Nicholas Gravello, stagger from bullets.

"The men," said Gen. Dean, "went out with the intention of shooting anyone who did not obey orders. We have taken all we are going to take."

Volley after volley rings out and the cemetery again is a battlefield. Fernand Labreche clutches a bloody chest. Inner tubes, hung be-

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the Textile Strike Grows

tween saplings, are catapults. Stones pelt barbed wire entanglements on a half dozen streets. But three days and nights have exhausted the workers.

Huge arc lights from the roof of the Woonsocket Rayon Co., subsidiary of the Manville-Jenckes mills, sweep searching rays into the darkened shambles of the Social Square business district. Every street light has been smashed and jagged plate glass rattles in department store windows. The white plumes of flare bombs hurled from behind an advancing ring of steel bayonets, etch out the bloody body of a youth sprawled in a gutter.

Wind spirals a cloud of tear and nausea gas above an overturned flivver, its shattered windshield painted, "Bargain, $20." Two youths crawl out and start dragging an unconscious girl striker to safety. *Rat-tat-tat!* A new volley rings out. A boy staggers. A gas cloud blots him out. From a mill roof a white glow picks out a telephone pole with a white-haired French-Canadian behind, his arm curving a brick. A shabby wooden store rains stones and bottles. Throughout a two-mile area the fighting rages and from all parts of this city of 43,000 workers recruits pour into a score of battlefronts, cheerfully braving death. Far back in the drab company houses districts spreads the rallying cry, "On to the rayon plant. They shot down our pickets. Gov. Green's truce means bullets." Gas-raw throats repeat it in French, Polish and Portuguese. The battle, in which 15,000 workers defended themselves by erecting street barricades to hold back three companies of National Guards, police and mill thugs, raged for ten hours, from Sept. 12 to dawn the following day. Jude Courtemanche, 19, brother of a nun, was killed by a .38 calibre police slug, although newspapers tried to blame the murder on "the hordes of destruction loot crazed rioters," citing that the Guardsmen used .45 calibre bullets, and three others were probably fatally injured by militia rifle-fire. Stores suffered $16,000 in damage.

The fighting started when assembling pickets tried to free an arrested striker and cops blazed away with pistols. They had been dispersed, vomiting and blinded by fumes on Tuesday at midnight, second day of the three-day Saylesville battle. Monday morning had seen 4,000 Woonsocket members of the Independent Textile Workers Union walk out, in a city that previously had completely defied the general strike.

Residing just south of the Massachusetts border, the Woonsocket militants promised to close down 48 mills and then move on to Lawrence where the independent union is the main organized labor body. Since the heroic battle, barbed wire circles the mill and business districts, 1,700 troops are on duty and a 6 p. m. curfew closed all downtown stores, theatres, dance halls, saloons and pool rooms for three nights.

Even now in some quarters, Theodore Francis Green is termed a non-partisan liberal. He attacked gun-toting deputies; Sheriff Andrews is a Republican. He denounced "reactionary mill owners" and dismissed Gen. Everitte St. J. Chaffee, State Police Commissioner. The Republican general was replaced by Edward Kelly, a Democrat.

Before the textile strike the liberal Governor named Francis J. Gorman, U. T. W. Vice President and now national strike leader, as Rhode Island State Labor Commissioner only to have his appointee spurned by Senate Republicans. A wealthy textile magnate by inheritance, this friend of labor never permitted unionization of workers while he was president of the Coats thread monopoly. That's a Coats' policy in both England and America. On September 11, Coats presented a petition with "signatures" of 97 percent of its employes to the Governor. That day, the great liberal mobilized the National Guard. Green, on Sept. 12, publicly assured Kenneth D. MacColl, treasurer of Coats, that he is "exerting every possible effort to suppress disorder so that 2,738 Coats workers who petitioned for protection may return to work and earn wages without molestation."

A politician seeking re-election—he was swept in on the Roosevelt tide in 1932—Green tries every method to curry votes. An Agawam Hunt Club snob, he nevertheless goes on campaign tours speaking French, Italian and Polish. Before the first pitched battle on Sept. 10, he attempted unsuccessfully to raise the Red scare in a radio address. Newspapers went to his aid on Sept. 12 when nine Boston furniture workers were arrested outside a Providence upholstery plant.

Needing a shield for spilt blood, at 9 a. m., Sept. 13, with all fighting ended, the Governor ordered the immediate arrest of every known Communist in the State. "This is a Communist uprising, not a textile strike," he told the General Assembly later in the day. U. T. W. Organizer Sylviar instructed each local to aid police in "driving Communists not only from the strike areas but from the State."

Because he went to the Providence police headquarters to defend imprisoned workers on the day the Communist Party was outlawed, Oreal Grossman, I. L. D. attorney, was held incommunicado for 36 hours. Finally, suffering from a severe cold contracted in a damp jail cell, he was released under bail on a flimsy lottery charge. He possessed a banquet ticket that might entitle him to a free trip to the Soviet Union. An energetic, black-haired Rhode Islander, Grossman was born in Providence 33 years ago. His law office is in a clapboard home above a Pawtucket store and under the shadows of rayon mills. Learning of the outlaw edict, he hurried to the second-story office at 447 Westminster Street, Providence, to find that truckloads of "Dailies" and Party literature had been carted away. The walls had been stripped and cops were beginning to nail the doors. The flatfeet were hesitant about arresting a lawyer.

As cops can hold prisoners for 24 hours without a charge, Grossman went home for supper and then sought out police headquarters at 9 p. m. Detective Captain Francis Barnes haled him into an inner room and barked questions: "Do you believe in violence? Did you write this leaflet inciting to riot? (The mimeograph called for "a determined, orderly march" to the State House to protest troop terrorism and demand funds for the wounded.) Were you at Saylesville? Have you got a gun? Are you a Communist?"

"Don't use the word loosely," Grossman replied. "If you mean am I a member of the Communist Party—No; if you mean do I accept the economic teachings of Karl Marx —Yes."

"You're a known Communist," shrieked Barnes. "Take him down and put him in the cooler."

"They took away my belt and tie and left me with only a single handkerchief," Grossman told me. "Fifteen of us were herded into a detention pen, twenty by thirty feet. Bugs ran across the floor. Hard wooden benches without cushions surrounded the walls. All night the comrades were cooped up there, unable to sleep. A single unsanitary toilet could only be flushed by an outside guard. There was no running water. In the morning, over my protests, we were fingerprinted and mugged without being charged with a crime. I was barred from 'phoning a lawyer. At noon we were grilled one at a time. I faced Clifton Munroe, Counsel of the Public Safety Commission. Police Lieut. Goodman, of the Boston Radical Squad; Immigration Inspector William S. Clarke and others. Back to the pen again until night when I was transferred to a damp steel cell with Joseph Planka, an artist suffering from hay fever. The next morning, Saturday, I was taken handcuffed to court. Other comrades were shunted from local to State Police for a second 24 hours. Not until Sunday were some freed and then under bail as high as $1,000 on charges of being idle persons. But we got them out and we'll get others out."

Inside a weather-beaten clapboard house in Central Falls, a gnarled Polish mother, a stoop-shouldered father, five sisters and three

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little brothers sob over a white coffin. Charley Gorcynski, 18, and their sole support until he went on strike at the Guyan Mills, is dead, shot in the stomach during a supposed truce at Moshassuck Cemetery.

Outside, two single lines of bareheaded men, scarred veterans of gas barrages, bayonets and three days of rifle fire, scuffle slowly up narrow High Street, hugging close to opposite gutters. Banking the sidewalks ten tiers deep are their women and children, mainly swarthy, high-cheeked Poles. A single policeman, a pot-bellied old fellow with a warty neck, leads the procession. Only in the distance are there other cops and they are directing traffic. Today, police avoid this dismal slum.

North of Pulaski Court, at St. Joseph's Polish Catholic Church, they halt. High in the haughty brick and concrete tower the chimes begin and they peal metallicly and wearingly. Between the lines, puffs a flower-banked flivver, a gold-cassocked priest, three assistants and the white hearse. The casket is carried inside but only women and children enter the church. These weavers and loom fixers, with better ways to mourn their fellow worker, turn into Roosevelt Street and, four abreast, trudge towards the Central Avenue factory district. Suddenly, with the abruptness of a burst bomb, ten thousand throats explode.

"We'll be here to-morrow. We'll keep these mills closed."

On the Picket Line

MERLE COLBY

New England.

WE ARE STRANDED in North Andover. To be jailed for vagrancy so near our goal would be unwise. Police in these small towns are picking up strangers on foot—eleven were arrested yesterday in Andover, we were told by a friendly driver. Credentials don't help much.

Two workers appear in a battered Dodge and we hail them. Mr. Skopolis is one. He is a member of the Protective, an independent textile union in Lowell, and on strike. He is a widower, and his grown-up children live in Ipswich.

We arrive in Lowell. Together we attend the Sunday afternoon mass meeting at the Protective. The hall is overflowing, and union officials below are telling workers there is no more room. Scores arrive to be turned away. We mount the stairs and find adequate standing room in the back. There are even a few seats.

After the meeting we buy Mr. Skopolis beer. Mr. Skopolis buys us beer. He tells us he worked in Dover, New Hampshire, until the stretch-out was increased to 72 machines. He came to Lowell, where he tended "only" 32. A few days ago he went on strike.

"I think I get a job in Boston," he tells us. "Nothing here now."

"But you're on strike," we wonder. "Aren't you going on picket tomorrow?"

Mr. Skopolis shrugs. "Chairman, he say come out on picket line. But he don't say where. He don't say if we go to Lawrence pull out mills there. How do we know?"

"If you're here tomorrow to picket, we'll stay too," we promise him. He brightens. At five-thirty, prompt. Okay. Have we got a place to sleep? Are we hungry? When Greek fellow got money, his friend eat, too. If Greek fellow starve, friend starve. So long.

At five-thirty we gather under a dirty sky, several hundred of us. Mr. Skopolis is there. We are handed mimeographed song-sheets with the imprint, "Young Communist League of Lowell, with their compliments."

Mr. Skopolis is delighted. He has never before sung on the picket line. He seizes a handful of the song-sheets and helps distribute them. They are eagerly received.

"Bob" Dempsey, Protective organizer, charges out of the shadow of the union hall. "That's Communistic literature! You can't distribute that. We don't want it here."

Mr. Skopolis pays no attention, goes on distributing the song-sheets.

"Bob" Dempsey peers into Mr. Skopolis' face. The former shoe-union official does not know these textile workers. "You're a Communist!"

Mr. Skopolis stares, shrugs, smiles broadly. "Sure." His broad finger finds the imprint at the bottom of the song-sheet. "Young Communist. I sing on picket line."

"Fighting Bob" Dempsey. A very tiger of a little man, a leaping demon in pince-nez and white lawn tie. Place, the union hall of the Independent Textile Workers' Protective Association of Lowell. Time, Sunday afternoon.

"All those who have socialistic and Communistic tendencies leave the room!" he begins.

A union member rises to object, on the ground that the union constitution states no discrimination on account of economic beliefs. Applause. "Bob" apologizes, aware that he has got off to a bad start.

He tries another tack. "I'm a fighter!" he roars. "I'll fight for your rights. If I stop fighting for you, throw me out of this window." He points dramatically to a locked window behind him.

He feels his way very carefully. He knows that every striker sitting here has read a leaflet issued by the Communist Party of Lowell, calling on the workers to watch their leaders, exposing "Bob" by name. He knows the militancy of this union—the first to strike and to pull workers in other mills out, the only union to maintain a consistent and disciplined daily picket-line. He makes jokes, which drop into a well of silence. These workers are not here to laugh. He builds up to a rousing finish, as skillfully as a veteran vaudeville performer. The applause is scattering.

Finally he dares a bold stunt. He reads the leaflet attacking him, point by point. Point by point he answers. It is a clever job. He sneers at the Reds, calls them trouble-makers. He scoffs at the idea of arbitration. He takes a shot at William Green—a safe target. Where logic fails, bluster suffices. The total effect is rather against him. He is applauded warmly only once — when he mentions the unity of all strikers.

Who is this fighter who proposes to be thrown out of windows? The workers know.

He is not a textile worker at all, but a discredited shoe-union official. Workers accuse him of selling out a Lowell shoe strike in 1919. In 1933 he was forced to resign as business agent of his shoe union.

He tried to force upon the Protective a constitution modelled after the constitution of the company union of the Heinz Electrical Company. He labored hard to induce the Protective to join the A. F. of L., although it had been formed because of the dissatisfaction of the workers with that body. He works hand in hand with Jerry Sullivan, a salaried official of the N.R.A. Board.

For all his radical talk, Dempsey is considered by textile workers as a go-between for the mill owners. He is on good terms with the police and the churches. He is friendly with local politicians.

"Somebody's coaching him," a worker told me. "He talks radical to us. But he's being coached."

Picket Line. There are only a few of us in front of the Protective this morning. There are no placards, no picket captains. Workers arrive, wait, drift away.

We decide to start out, anyway. We form a line and march off. We have no placards, so we sing.

Hold the line, for we are coming!
Union men, be strong. . . .

Workers join us. Our line grows to forty, to eighty, to a hundred. We march around the Boots mill. Cops guard the entrances. We have no placards, so we sing.

The bosses are having a hell of a time, parley-vous,
To keep us off the picket-line, parley-vous. . . .

The words are crude in print, but not when sung by workers who mean them.

Scabs appear—five or six only. We boo and jeer.

Cops threaten us. "You can't boo," they tell us.

We grin. All right. . We'll sing.

The bosses ride in taxi-cabs,
The scabs they do the same. . . .

How we shout that word *scabs!*

The workers march on the picket line
But they get there just the same!

A union official hurries up. His short legs must go fast to keep up with us. "Where's your captain?" he challenges us. "Where's your placard? You can't march without."

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"Where were *you* this morning?" we taunt him.

"It's against the law for more than four to picket at once."

We drown out his words in song.

He tries another tack. He explains that he wants a picket line for a hosiery mill. "Not more than four pickets," he warns us.

We laugh at him. Our picket line is two hundred strong. Women are cheering us from the windows of company houses. "Keep it up," workers on their way to the morning shift in other industries tell us. "That's right. Sing."

Flying Squadron. A battered truck snorts up to the picket line. A young worker jumps from the driver's seat.

"I want volunteers to go to Lawrence," he explains.

We hold a meeting. We decide to send a few pickets. A dozen of us board the truck.

The truck drives twice around the square, collecting workers. When it is filled we set off by an indirect route for Lawrence, crouching low in the truck. Police, and most of all union officials, must not see us.

The flying squadrons are composed of militant, leaderless workers. Union officials cooperate with the police in turning them back. The workers reform their lines, try again.

A tire blows. There is no spare. We walk a mile to a dairy. We take a chance and explain our mission to the farmer's son. He agrees to transport us to Lawrence in a Ford truck. We pile in.

The farmer charges out from the barn. "Get them strike-breakers out of that truck!" he orders his son. "You'll get me into trouble, you sonofabitch."

We explain the difference between strike-breakers and strikers. The farmer is not interested. "Get out of here."

We walk a half-mile up the road and put the matter up to another farmer "I'll take you as far as the city limits," he promises.

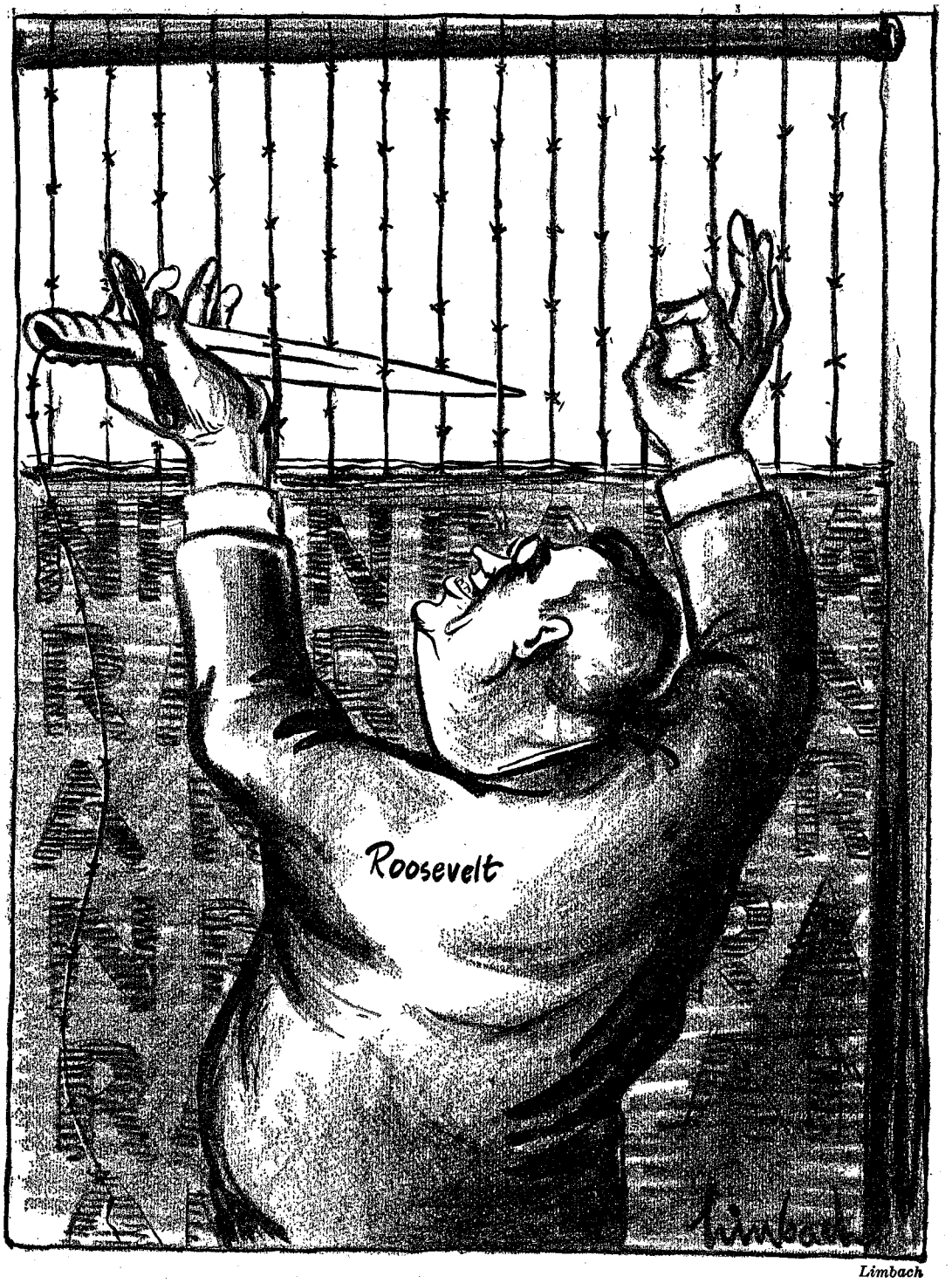
He does. His action warms our hearts. Worker and farmer roaring down the road together, bound on the same mission. We feel good. We'd sing if we dared. We content ourselves with grinning at one another and sharing cigarettes.

The tall stack of the Arlington Mills looms beyond the cemetery. We filter one by one into town. It is late. Our forces have dwindled. We mass before the mill. Cops threaten us. We turn back.

"There's a meeting at the office of the National Textile Workers' Union," somebody tells us. We go there.

At the union headquarters we learn that five men went out on strike yesterday. That gives us an opening in Lawrence. A picket line will form tomorrow. We'll be there from Lowell—by truckloads.

We are severely criticized for our lack of organization. We must demand that our union furnish trucks to transport us. There is an atmosphere about the union hall that we like.



Limbach

Nobody chokes us off when we take the floor. We can get to our feet, pause to search for words, say what we feel.

Tomorrow 8,000 striking textile workers of Lowell will support the striking textile workers of Lawrence.

Rank and File. U.T.W. officials hold secret caucuses. They shut the workers off when they try to speak at mass meetings. They adjourn meetings without permitting discussion from the floor. They confer with politicians and police.

Workers have no course but to hold rank and file meetings of their own. There they discuss how best to combat the red scare, how to set up committees for relief and defense.

At the back of the room sit the women. They will not get up to speak, but they follow every word. Tonight their men will hear from them.

The chairman has a broad, dogged face. He whips speakers into line, keeps them to the point, cuts short long-winded speeches. He is tired, for he was on the picket-line this morning at five-thirty, and it is now eleven at night. His forehead is beaded with sweat —the sweat of hard thought.

When he wants to make an important point he rises slowly to his feet and grips the table with both hands. In between he listens. The rank and file fights along from point to point, objecting, proposing, arguing. Point after point is fought out. Motions are made, debated, passed or defeated.

At midnight the meeting adjourns. Five and a half hours from now the picket lines must form.

Union Official. "Naw," a U. T. W. A. official tells me. "They don't take this strike serious. It's a holiday to them. They go to the movies, stand around the streets and gas."

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I think of serious faces in the union meeting, of jokes by union officials falling flat, of grim faces on the picket line. I think of clenched fists driving home arguments into hard palms, of tired feet marching from five-thirty to nine.

"Those working in one mill don't like them working in another. Greeks don't fancy Poles, Poles don't trust Eyetalians."

I think of mass meetings where foreign-born workers sit side by side, of how they share meals at one another's houses.

"The Protective? Well, yes. They're organized pretty good—maybe better than us. They picket by hundreds instead of four at a time. But they's Reds in that union. Ann Burlak spoke there the other day."

"Reds." Militant workers get that word hurled at them by their own union officials as well as by the police and newspapers. They are not frightened by the word. They buy the Daily Worker—of course. It covers the news, and from their side. They eagerly accept leaflets distributed by the Communists. They are hungry for honest leadership.

"We're waiting for news from Washington," the official says. "Until we hear from that Mediation Board we're sitting tight."

How about relief?

"Oh, the Mayor is with us on that. He gave $25 toward the relief fund."

But the workers are organizing relief committees, defense committees. Their leaders have betrayed them. They are discovering they need better leaders. Leaders of their own are springing up—militant workers in whom they have confidence, whom they can trust.

From the Soviet Silk Workers

The following letter, received Sept. 16 by workers in Paterson, New Jersey, was sent by the workers of the "Red Rosa" Silk Combinat of Moscow. Forty-seven hundred working men and women, engineers, technicians and office employes signed it.

THE EDITORS.

Dear Comrades—Class Brothers and Sisters:

We want to establish regular contact with you for exchange of experience, and to learn how you live, work, and fight for a better life in the U.S.A.

In this letter, we will try and describe to you how we lived and worked for our old capitalist masters, the Frenchmen who owned our factory up to 1917. We worked 10-11 hours per day, and the average daily wage of a weaver was 75 kopeks. The factory was managed exclusively by Frenchmen and Germans. The raw material on which we worked came from Italy and Japan. In regard to cultural advantages, we were in darkness. A very small percentage of the workers could read and write. No one of us read any newspapers. As for schools for adults, it was something we could not even dream about. Nothing was done for our children. Nothing was done to help a worker who was disabled or became an invalid during his work.

There was not anything with which to defend our material interests, such as a trade union or social insurance. We lived and labored like serfs.

After the revolution of 1917, we took the factory in our own hands and began to manage it ourselves.

Now we are in a position to inform you that we are producing daily 95,000 meters (a meter is 39.37 inches) of cloth from artificial and natural silk. The raw materials, the specialists and workers who produce this cloth, are all from our Soviet Union.

There is a fairly well equipped dining hall in our factory which caters to 5,000 persons per day, and there are buffets, which serve light refreshments, in every shop of the factory. Besides these, there is a dining hall for the engineers and technicians, and a worker's cafe. For service for our children we have nurseries (creches) for infants from two months to three years, and kindergartens for children from three to seven years of age. There is also a nine-year factory school, in which our children receive a secondary education.

In the summer, these children, together with the Pioneers, are accommodated in camps in the woods outside the city. The Party, and especially the trade unions, take care of our children and our material, cultural, living conditions.

In the summer, the factory is stopped for vacations. Workers employed in the unhealthy departments, such as dyeing, receive one month for their annual vacation and a litre (more than a pint of milk) per day. The workers in the weaving and other shops receive an annual vacation of two weeks. The workers receive full wages during their vacation. Besides, the trade unions and factory committees provide accommodations in rest homes, sanatoriums and health resorts for the best shock-workers in the factory.

In 1934, during June and July, we sent 300 of our best shock workers to rest-homes and health resorts, in order to better their health. There are also night sanatoriums near the factory, dispensaries and medical first aid. All this the workers receive free of charge.

The factory management pays for the upkeep of all the dwellings in which the workers live (and there are more than twenty of them); the creches, the garden, the club, the reading room, the dining hall of the engineers and technicians, the general dining hall and the workers' cafe. The factory management pays for the repairs of these premises and furnishes the expenditures necessary to keep them in good order.

All the working men and women subscribe to the daily papers and journals. The factory has its own printed newspaper in which its workers act as correspondents. It has a circulation of 2,500 copies and is published once in every five days.

For the recreation of the workers we have our own cinema, dramatic and choir circles, a string orchestra, and a brass band.

Attached to the factory are a number of technical schools, also called House of Technique, where the workers may raise their qualifications. Besides this, we have a factory shop school for juveniles from sixteen years of age, which trains cadres for the industry.

We can inform you that our output in 1933 amounted to nineteen million meters of cloth, valued at 100 million rubles. We have fulfilled 100 percent of our Plan for the first half of this year, and in 1933 premiums to the amount of 25,000 rubles were paid for fulfilling the Plan before schedule. This year we will have an output of 24 million meters of cloth, and will re-equip and renovate the factory. We will set up new machinery so as to lighten our labor. We work in two or three shifts, each shift a work day of seven hours. In addition to this, we work five days and rest on the sixth. Apprentices from 16 to 18 years of age work six hours per day.

This is how we live and work in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and how we build up a new life with our own hands. What we do, we do for ourselves and not for parasites and idlers.

We would be glad if you would describe to us with the same details, your life and work. If you have any questions, please write to us. In order that you may verify what we have described, your union should send a delegation of workers to us so that they may check up everything.

In conclusion, we await your letter and desire to establish constant ties with the American textile silk workers.

You see what we have achieved under the leadership of our Party and the Unions, under the leadership of the great leader of the world proletariat, Comrade Stalin, who, together with the Party, is leading us from one victory to another. We may inform you with joy that we are catching up with America and are becoming an advanced industrial and technical country. You will be able to convince yourselves of this when you will visit us as our guests.

As our class brothers and sisters, we send you our hearty hand-shake and wish that you would write and tell us about yourselves, about your day-to-day struggle for a new life and a Soviet America.

In the name of 4,700 working men, working women, engineers, technicians and office employees, signed under their authority by Comrade Zhorov, Chairman of the Factory Shop Committee.

This letter was written by B. I. Kantorovitch, a worker in the factory, on the instruction of the entire body of workers in the factory.

Here follow the signatures of the workers. Kantrovitch is a former Paterson worker, deported during the Palmer raids of 1920.

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The Newspaper on the Ice Floe

On Feb. 13 last the Soviet expeditionary ship Cheluyskin, attempting the passage from Archangel to Vladivostok—a journey successfully made only three times before in history —went down and the ship's company of 104 were marooned on the ice. On March 5 all the women and the two children had been taken off; by April 14 the last of the Cheluyskin had been rescued by Soviet efforts. One man had been killed in the wreck. The story of the Cheluyskin, is a great epic of the sea—and of co-operative effort under a workers' government. With the Morro Castle disaster inquiry daily disclosing new sordid aspects and a large part of the blame already definitely fixed on the Ward Lines' greed, the following article, telling how the marooned Soviet explorers met their far greater dangers, is offered as a refreshing contrast.—THE EDITORS.

"NO, comrade, you mustn't take it with you. It is the only copy existing in the world. But if you like to have a look at it, you will be undisturbed here."

With these words, a colleague in the editorial rooms of the Komsomolskaya Pravda pressed into my hands a portfolio and a roll of paper. The contents looked like old parchment, yet they were documents scarcely three months old. Sheets of paper with pencil writing, pasted on a piece of wallpaper (or something similar).

An indescribable feeling of physical contact with one of the greatest historical events of our time emanates from these rolled sheets, a feeling strengthened when they are unfolded and the neat heading—written only with the aid of a colored pencil—in the left upper corner appears:

WE SHALL NOT CAPITULATE
Organ of the Party Cell of the C.P.S.U. and of the Ship's Council of the Chelyuskin,
Chukotic Sea, Drifting Ice Floe,
February 17, 1934

On February 17, four days after the catastrophe, the first number of the "Expedition Newspaper" was published on the drifting ice floe.

Drifting ice! Constant danger to life! A shipwreck just survived! Thirty degrees below zero! Everything conspires to shake the composure of even the most courageous heroes. But the Chelyuskiners did not permit themselves to be conquered by threatening death; they forced life to serve them. That the newspaper was posted up on the tent wall on the fourth day after the catastrophe shows that the "Ice Floe Cell" of the C.P.S.U. (Communist Party of the Soviet Union) and of the Expedition Council probably took up the work of publication immediately after the shipwreck.

After years of editorial work, an editor makes certain reflex movements automatically. If he takes up a new newspaper for the first time, for instance, he looks involuntarily for the name of the responsible editor and similar editorial details. I laughed at myself on this occasion, catching myself at this habit. But I speedily observed that I had laughed unnecessarily. For at the close of the "Ice Floe Newspaper" all these statements were made in perfect order:

Responsible editor: I. Bayevski. Editorial Board: Semyonev, Mironov, Reshetnikov, Filippov.

Even in such details the Chelyuskiners followed exactly the laws and customs of their socialist fatherland.

The leading article of the first number was written by C. J. Schmidt himself. The following is the exact wording:

"ON THE ICE"

We are on the ice. But here, too, we are citizens of the great Soviet Union. Here, too, we shall keep the flag of the Soviet Republics flying. And our State will take care of us. We may be fully confident that our rescue will be undertaken with Bolshevist energy and will be accomplished rapidly and successfully. During the catastrophe the whole collective of the *Chelyuskin* has shown unprecedented resolution, discipline, and organization. And we shall continue our work as we have begun. The whole world is looking at us. Let us show it how citizens of the Soviet Union can work, even in such extraordinary position, under the leadership of the government and of the Communist party. SCHMIDT.

The introductory words of the editors are filled with the same self-reliance and the same faith in the Soviet power and the Party:

The *Chelyuskin* has ceased to exist. It is lying at the bottom of the sea. But the work of Socialist research of the Northern sea passage continues, and will be completed.

This newspaper, published in such an unusual situation, in a tent on a drifting ice floe, on the fourth day after the sinking of the *Chelyuskin*, is a proof of our confidence. In the whole history of Polar disasters, we know but few examples where such a large and multifarious collective has met the moment of deadly danger with such a degree of organization and where the leaders have shown such courageous and determined energy at such a moment.

Now we are on the drifting ice. . . . This does not mean, however, that we are alone. The millions of the toiling masses of all countries are watching us with hope and enthusiasm. The Soviet government is doing everything required to ensure our rescue. And nobody can doubt but that it has adequate means at its disposal.

The second number published on February 20, and the third number, dated March 18, bear witness to the definite constructive work of the camp and of the party. They contain wireless news about the Soviet Union and foreign countries, a chronicle of camp life, articles on building activities on the ice floe. We read a critical feuilleton by A. Boni on the waste of fuel, accompanied by the editorial footnote: "Comrade Boni's feuilleton describes a shortcoming which has already been done away with." We read further that the women celebrated the International Women's Day by making forty pairs of warm gloves.

Of course it would be wrong to suppose that the admirable discipline and co-operation of the ice floe collective came by itself, by "divine grace," so to speak. The unifying and driving power, the "organizer" of the miracle, was the Bolshevist Party, here as everywhere in the Soviet Union. The members of the Party were fully conscious of their duties and tasks from the first moment of the disaster. Their ideological and organizational work during the months of the voyage of the Chelyuskin was itself one of the prerequisites of the collective heroism.

In the first number the Party Cell appeals to the Communists. It calls upon them to set an example, *not* to permit any rumors, any panic, any privileges, any preferential treatment. The Communists must always be one with the masses. The Communists are reminded of their responsibility to the whole Party for every one of their deeds on the ice floe

The Party will judge us Communists by the whole of our work, but especially by our work on the ice floe. We must fight for and secure the approval of our Party, the greatest honor for every Communist.

In the second number the Party urges that educational work should be resumed:

It is high time to take up educational work again, and to utilize the time more productively. It is true that there is a shortage of paper and writing materials, but this need not prevent us from improving our knowledge, from giving and hearing lectures on general educational subjects: geography, history, natural sciences, foreign languages, etc. We have no right to be lazy and to waste valuable time especially as we have so much leisure for learning, more than we shall ever have on the mainland.

In the third number the Party already issues an interim balance-sheet of its work.

. . . On the ice the Party Cell took up the work of studying the reports given by Comrades Stalin and Molotov (at the Seventeenth Party Congress, L.F.B.), transmitted by wireless during the voyage of the Chelyuskin. Three lectures were given on the Chukote district (Comrade Komov), and three on the economic situation and development of the Mongolian people (Bayevski); Comrade Schmidt's lectures on dialectical materialism are being continued regularly (five lectures up to the present); reports have been given and meetings held in connection with the Day of the Red Army (Feb. 23), the International Women's Day (March 18), the anniversary of the overthrow of tsarism (March 12), and the day of the Paris Commune (March 18).

The organizational work of the Party Cell

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is then described in detail. A large number of humorous cartoons and critically satirical descriptions of the characteristics of the individual inhabitants of the ice floe almost make the reader forget where the newspaper appeared.

The inhabitants of the ice floe never lost their good spirits for a moment. The wireless operator Krenkel relates the following episode:

One day he received a wireless message from an enterprising British publisher, addressed to "Drifting ice floe, for Schmidt." The publisher offered Schmidt to make an agreement in advance for the publication of his memoirs, and asked for reply by telegraph. An animated discussion resulted on the floe as to the reply to be sent, and finally Schmidt sent off the following telegram:

> Agree to all conditions. Fetching manuscript from floe your affair. Schmidt.

The last number, which I had also the opportunity of seeing, bears an altered title: *"We have not capitulated."*

This number was published after the rescue, on May 1, at Cape Wellen. The rescued collective looked back with pride on its two months' work, and with equal pride on the heroism of the air fleet of the Soviet Union, to which it owed its rescue.

The following notable article is devoted to May 1:

The Day of Proletarian Solidarity

> We Chelyuskiners have experienced proletarian solidarity in practical experience. We have felt it in our rescue from the grip of the ice. The first international proletarian State of the world has saved a handful of its members at an expenditure of effort and means which no single capitalist State would ever have been able to accomplish. And here on the mainland, already rescued, awaiting our departure to our places of work, we still owe our lives to the socialist system of our country. Here in the farthest North we still feel ourselves members of the united family of the workers' State. Long live May 1, the festival of the solidarity of the toiling masses of all countries.

Another point which strikes the reader of this number. Scarcely were the Chelyuskiners saved from the ice floe, when they commenced to work, not only for themselves, but for the whole of their new environment. This may be observed in a number of critical remarks, and of economic, technical, and organizational comments, giving advice to the workers and Soviet organizations at Cape Wellen.

Underground Journalism

JOHN ROMAN

An interview with the Editor of the "Bandera Roja" Central Organ of the Illegal Communist Party of Cuba.

THE DETAILS of the meeting were arranged: a member of the Central Committee of the illegal Communist Party of Cuba, the editor of the illegal newspaper, Bandera Roja, is ready to be interviewed. I was looking forward to the meeting with considerable interest. We have never seen him, his name is unknown, and the only thing we know is that he came from far away; hiding, living a hunted life—yet he is the representative of an indestructible power which smashes dictatorships, conquers cities, leads hundreds of thousands, makes history.

At first somewhat haltingly, the conversation got under way with the aid of a Spanish interpreter. And since he is the editor of the Central Party organ, we started with the problem of publishing an underground newspaper.

"Is the entire revolutionary press illegal? Or is it like in Canada where the Party is forced underground but the press is legal?"

"Both the Party and the press are forced underground. Every paper is put out by illegal means."

"How many newspapers are there altogether?"

"More than twenty, including the Trade Union papers."

"Is the revolutionary press spreading?"

"Naturally."

And here he gave us details. People used to legal circumstances cannot imagine how round about the way of the printed word may be. Under illegal conditions, the press takes a more prominent place. The movement needs it more than ever The Party's possibilities of personal contact are reduced. It is the illegal press which brings the Party's messages before the masses with the greatest frankness. We see this not only in Cuba, but also in Germany, where, while they cannot address large masses by the word of the mouth, they reach hundreds of thousands through the printed word of the press. But the bourgeoisie also recognizes values and this is the explanation of the great circumspectness, of the great sacrifices. Both sides are careful, both sides are resolved. One false move and the achievement of years of work collapses. . . The police also must carefully consider its steps. If they have succeeded in smuggling in a stool pigeon, an arrest arouses suspicion and for the sakes of a small haul they lose the threads . . . and then they must begin all over again. . . .

The Stool Pigeon Merodio. At one time the Cuban police worked for three years before they succeeded in smuggling in one of their stool pigeons. He was Rey Merodio, a smuggler. At least, that is how he introduced himself among his intimate acquaintances. He was often among the workers, he donated small sums here and there, and he was one of those who regularly purchased illegal literature. The fact that he was a smuggler?—who would have held that against him? What if he outwits Machado, if he smuggles in goods duty free . . . after all, one must live and it doesn't harm the workers. . . .

And Merodio, the sympathetic, unobstrusive, quiet Merodio waited . . . waited persistently for his chance. . . .

One of the comrades had an idea. They had a discussion and agreed. Because if Merodio is a sympathizer, and is smuggling anyhow, why couldn't he do it for the Party?

And Merodio nodded, for isn't it his revolutionary duty? And Merodio made his word good. . . .

For three years he smuggled illegal literature for the Communist Party of Cuba. Now from Spain, then from France,—but the treasure arrived with deadly precision. The Party was satisfied. Merodio was biding his time. But the police were getting impatient. He is among them for three years and yet he isn't trusted? Pondering. A move. The police sacrifice two pawns. Two other provocateurs. Two of those who worked in the mass organizations. Merodio unmasks them. Merodio's reputation grows by leaps and bounds. Merodio gets into the illegal press work. . . .

And the police do clever work. Such an expensive investment must bring good returns. For three years, the Machado dictatorship was smuggling literature . . . this was a valuable service . . . and it must be well paid. Merodio worked diligently. No use for small hauls . . . to get into the Central! . . . Yes, when all the addresses are known, the whole press apparatus,—then to swoop down! And Merodio was advancing in the press apparatus.

The Arrests. "How did you discover his identity?" I asked.

"Well, Merodio came to obtain the addresses of two presses. Here some premature arrests were made. But the suspicion against Merodio was aroused mostly by confidential information. There were some among city employes who secretly felt with us. One of these sympathizers came across Merodio's name in certain documents. And when Merodio got wind of it, he skipped. . . ."

"And that was the end of it?"

"Not quite. The name of a stool pigeon doesn't remain unknown. The workers learned it too, and they wanted to take care of him. I

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heard that he was fired upon three times. . . ."

"So the workers got rid of him."

"The attempts were not completely successful, and Machado helped him out of the country in time. I want to add that only during the downfall of the Machado dictatorship did we learn all the details of the Merodio case. At the time of the riots we succeeded in making visits to the police station. You know, there are quite a few documents there. And after such a visit one doesn't leave empty handed"—he added smilingly.

Innocent Packages. I further inquired about the printing of the illegal papers. (I need not add, that the details published in this report are of a general character and I am authorized to reiterate them.)

"How is the work divided?"

"Well, we have weekly and monthly papers, not dailies. The editorial staff is in one place, the compositor somewhere else, and the printing is done in a third place. In a fourth place they are packed and shipped out to reliable places."

"What are the chief difficulties in getting out the papers?"

"In the printing and in the distribution, naturally. Also the night work, fatiguing speed, hurry. The worse thing is that we always have to be on the move. This entails great difficulties. We are reduced to private apartments and cellars. The greatest difficulty is that if once we had an apartment, the second time we rarely get it, and I might say that the third time never get it again."

"And at what rate is the press growing?"

"In spite of the hardships, we are making rapid headway. At one time we put out eight, ten page mimiographed sheets. The circulation did not exceed 10,000. And today? It exceeds 100,000."

"And the arrests?"

"Of course there are arrests. That means a great loss of blood, because for work of this nature we can only use the most trustworthy. Two weeks ago they arrested a group."

"Is its trial over already? How much did they get?"

The Cuban comrade smiled.

"Mendieta says Cuba is a democratic country. Up till recent times, even during the Machado dictatorship, capital punishment was barred by law. Things of this sort were taken care of by the "Porra" [Machado's private organization of secret murderers]. And now? Oh, there are no trials. They took them to the Cabana Fort—incommunicado. We do not know what happened to them. . . .

"And the movement in general?"

"Soviet Cuba is our aim."

Here the Cuban comrade gave a detailed description of the economic and political situation. In the overthrow of the Machado dictatorship, the Party had a leading role. The Cuban workers had a thorough revolutionary schooling under the leadership of the Party. They brought about the resignation of one president after another. They fought on the barricades, often the workers occupied cities, here and there they formed Soviets. In spite of the fact that with the exception of one month it was always illegal, the Party, which under the leadership of the since murdered Mella, was formed with a membership of 60 to 80 in 1925, today has a membership of 5,000. The membership of the revolutionary trade unions has reached more than 200,000.

In this small country with a population of three million, the influence of the Communist Party is tremendous. The present Mendieta government cannot stem the revolutionary upsurge either. The problems remain unsolved; the only way out is Soviet Cuba! And this solution lives in the heart of the masses. . . .

"One final question," I interposed. "What are the probabilities regarding the American intervention? Will the Soviet government be able to repel an attack?"

"We had a long schooling. The Nicaraguan narrower struggle cannot be compared with our mass movement and yet it proved to be a hard nut. Yankee imperialism cannot run a country with bayonets if we smash their local servants, the local bourgeoisie. The masses are schooled and are still learning. If we retreat here and there, and now and then we have to resort to guerilla warfare, with the Cuban masses behind us and with the help of the American proletariat,—help which we must have—we can still make an intervention a bad business proposition. And in the end the imperialists are not bad business men. Oh no! They have learned one thing, a business with a loss is no business at all, don't you see?"

And with this the interview came to an end. We parted silently.

I had never seen him before and likely I shall never see him again. I don't even know his name or where he went or where he is. Perhaps he is sailing towards the Cuban shores or perhaps he is already on Cuban soil as one of the generals of the tailing masses of Cubans . . . Who knows? At any rate, he left an interesting and colorful experience behind him. Much more interesting and colorful than the cold printed letter can convey.

March of the Bezprizorni

W. D. TROWBRIDGE

Day comes and night
withering the sparse-hung
ambulant frame.
The bricks, concrete, the bricks,
the gravel, the ties, the bricks,
always the road recurring.
The wind, the cinders in eyes,
the blind: lurching and shiver,
the bulls, the bullying, and always, always the night.
Sometimes, flagging a box-car,
to wake hideous in the dark,
seeing a kid no older than your sister
pawed, and from sheer nostalgia,
giving herself to fifteen guys—
or maybe fifteen guys and a kid
no older than your brother.
And then maybe the rain
drenching you through,
chilling your marrow to slush;
the sleet maybe, the snow,
the wind raw and always
the bricks, concrete, the bricks.

Somewhere a plate thin-scummed
with grease and bread,
mold-green and rancid,
knifing the belly.
Day comes and night
with man-whisper furtive in
alley and flophouse:
the slant-eyed, trustless, muttered half-threat:
Listen, I been hungry
just about as long as I
can stand. Boy,
listen, the words
rumble fierce as the lean guts
shuffled too many miles.
Concrete, the bricks, concrete,
the gravel, the ties, concrete;
thumb-jerks: and the gas-fumes
stifle the rising cry.
No flesh, no pillow,
nothing but walk and always
hunger, the dark, the cold,
the growing fierce lean rancor.

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Romanticism and Communism

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

MR. BURGUM'S article, *Three English Radical Poets,* published in the last quarterly number of THE NEW MASSES, interested me not only because it discussed Auden, C. Day Lewis and Spender, but because in discussing them Mr. Burgum wrote the kind of criticism we must have for a new literature. It seemed to me to be solid and brilliant work, a cantilever bridge (to quote Lewis) between poetry and social fact; a good bridge, firmly planted at the right points on either shore. I should like to comment on what Burgum says about the tradition of the modern radical poet.

My comment runs in the following direction: Should the poetry about to be born belong to the Romantic Family? Should Shelley and Whitman and the "revolutionary" Swinburne come to the christening? It is a bourgeois family, let us be sure of that. At least let us get some of the values, some of the characteristics of this Romantic family out on the table where we can see them; let us describe them with accuracy; and let us see if the Romantic type set up by this family is the whole definition of the artist, the poet, the genius.

Radical readers who look on the poet as a soldier in the ranks of the class war should examine the doctrine of their poets as carefully as they would examine some candidate for the party. It is hard to pin a poet down to doctrine, but good criticism can do it. The off-hand judgments of some radicals have been based on mere texts lifted from a writer's work. But if poetry is to do its work, it is more than a matter of texts and right words. I want to offer one general idea which may help to get at the essentials in this more serious test of poetry's significance.

It is doubtless true, as Mr. Burgum says, that C. Day Lewis' Marxian conviction grows in some way out of the English version of Rousseau's Romanticism, which took belief in the perfectibility of man for its central tenet. But to me these two doctrines are opposed and cannot be glossed over, modified, or reconciled. I cannot see how anyone nourished in the older set of dogmas—on assumptions held implicitly and unconsciously from childhood—can become the poet of revolutionary significance today without a change in attitude that amounts to the destruction of his older belief. It is not as easy a growth as we seem to assume when talking of romantic poets and Communism. And yet our criticism is still uncritical, that is to say, lacking in insight, when it attempts to interpret either writers of 1830 or writers of 1930.

If you have read nineteenth century poetry with open eyes, you have seen the degradation of that great dogma from Rousseau, expressed with sublime energy by Blake in 1800, ending in all the decadence of the 1890's and prolonged with blood-transfusion of various sorts, into our own time. I say that this faith is finished. And I say that it is worse than no tradition. It is only of value now if understood as a phenomenon of the past; it has something to teach us of course. But so long as it is tinkered with and doctored, in the hope that it may be joined to Communism, it represents the blind-alley that will catch a great deal of good talent.

Communism implies a faith that cannot be reconciled to the truths of the *Declaration of Independence* and Rousseau's *Social Contract* and Shelley's poetry. My claim is that what I call the "faith" implied in Communism is based on a much deeper understanding of man. We are so much a part of Romantic ideology—all of us, with few exceptions—that we find it very hard to realize that all the Romantic dogmas are mere half-truths; and what is more, that they have not always been valid—something we continually assume. If we had more critics who were not bound to serve middle-class ends, we would be aware of the very significant fact that in general all literature, and for that matter all art, before the rise of the middle class to power in the nineteenth century, proceeded from another set of assumptions. In general, these assumptions are sounder for art than the creed of romanticism and can be interpreted in perfect accordance with the theory of Communism.

Romantic faith decayed seventy years ago in the light of the facts. People have tried to perpetuate it; every conceivable change has been rung on the scale, but the tone gets weaker and weaker, although often more shrill and much more violent. Certain of our poets have been forced to testify—Swinburne, Wilde and T. S. Eliot, for instance—that we live in a flea-bitten world mostly peopled with straw men. Our society is degenerate, they say; weariness and melancholy are almost the only emotions proper to the poet of sensibility. All affirmation is crudity and springs of lack of experience. Capitalism could not be more roundly damned by its most severe critic than by the children of its last phase. The dogma of democratic, individualistic, and finally anarchistic realities cannot be received. But these dogmas are full of threat for us as entrenched counter-revolution. The simpler souls among the reactionaries believe these dogmas as God's truth. A total change of view must come. The poets should be the first to see it coming.

Historically the Marxian theory follows in time those beliefs that resulted in the establishment of democratic institutions. But in Marxian theory, as I hope I am understanding it, is a principle that contradicts the spirit of nineteenth century romanticism. The doctrine that man is essentially good and potentially perfectible has been fully exploited by capitalism. See what it leads to: anarchy, lack of form, lack of order and objectivity. This doctrine said: "Destroy institutions and give men freedom and Eden will result." The hatred of institutions, and in recent literature, the hatred of the "soul-less machine" is always to be found in the Romantic. Communism, which knows that man needs organization, needs institutions, needs machinery, cannot be served by any modification of the Romantic spirit. Our literature confirms this. The Romantics are false now as they were not in 1800, because they assume as their natural rights, the fruits of machinery, the benefits of civilization and the joys of culture, without being willing to pay for them.

When the first Romantics wrote they were reacting against a bad society; and also they were inspired to some degree with a hope which the greatest of them felt for humanity as a whole. This humanity was an abstraction, to be sure—an abstraction of their own class interest, if you like. As soon as the value of this idea had exhausted itself as reaction it lost nearly all of its virtue and was ready to be used for sentimental and egotistical ends. Now and in years past, it can only lead the artist who takes it seriously to the jumping off place. We bourgeois poets were bred on chaff. If we look beyond the bounds of middle-class art, we see that no other culture has ever lived on such saw-dust. Before the little interim of the last hundred years, the best wisdom of all poets of all cultures has seen the individual in his relationship to something bigger than himself. In fact, the anarchism inherent in Romanticism, if taken quite seriously by its followers, would destroy art and all communication. Meaning implies audience, implies society. The Romanticist who makes himself and his subjective universe the only reality must nevertheless use words, a common possession, a social tool. But if the Romanticist, the extreme individualist, denies the reality of society, the mind of his audience, the community of agreement, the experience and mutual understanding behind words and symbols, how can he do anything but abuse and pervert his medium? And this is, of course, what he does.

When we look beyond these writers we see another use of words and meaning, which is right and proper. We see meanings in perfect accordance with society; we see symbols that have the large simplicity of universal recognition. That is, we see the poet using symbols not out of his private store of free associations, irresponsibility; but with perfect re-

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gard for the prevailing meaning the symbol had for the audience. This regard was once the test of a good poet—his ability to divine the emotional and intellectual power of words when released in the mind of an audience was his power. Words have no meaning except in context—that is, in relation to each other. But a truth such as this is not understood by Romantics, who transfer their individualistic absolutism to their use of words; they think of themselves standing alone in a chaotic universe, mysterious to all but themselves; and so their words must stand. Such behavior runs exactly counter to the temper of the good artist, who knows that all meanings lie in the relationship of artist to audience, of one word to another, of one meaning in relationship to another meaning. And so the Romanticist when he writes well proves that he does not really believe what he professes—first, he communicates, which means that he is not self-sufficient and unlike all other people, and second, he does pay attention to relationship, to form. But he cannot see that this is also necessary in society, and that he cannot live, a law unto himself, either inside it or outside of it.

Only after the false principle of the individual, a little universe sealed away from all the rest of life, has been ridiculed to death, can the proper function of poetry be understood. This meaning cannot come back until we have a classless society.

All this is A.B.C., tiresome and trite to those who have gone far beyond me, I know. It sounds too theoretical for practical people. I hope not too theoretical when it is applied. I would apply it at this point: too many radicals have joined in the bourgeois worship of the Romantic poet—treating him as a possession of radicalism. To do this is to be a gull. It is quite possible to read and relish poets who express attitudes foreign and contradictory to our own; in fact this is natural if you are seriously interested in literature. But to imagine that Whitman, or Shelley, or Victor Hugo expresses our revolutionary meaning today is nonsense. Now it is time to say that what we find in them is a spirit of the bourgeois revolution, deceptive to our ends. We cannot be like the poets of a revolutionary democracy and should not imagine that we can learn how to write from them. It is time to point to a very deep difference between their passion for social change and ours. Is there any room in Communism for the eternal rebel, the Shelleyesque protagonist, the ethereal creature who flies forever in an azure mist away from reality? Shelley's motivation was a pathetic one; but that is no argument for breeding him a thousand little imitators. And Whitman is all right, too, in his place; but I don't want to be told that either his ideas or his technique are the be-all and end-all of good radical writing. I can't use these humanitarian nineteenth century writers. Let me try to say why this is so.

The Romantic notion that the individual was capable of godlike perfection and expansion leads directly away from the central and vital truth of Communism. This godlike type, this poet who is a law unto himself, who is above life, in his opinion, and above material limitation, this person who pretends to be free of human limitation and free of the need to accomplish realities with his fellows, can only feed his audience with the fiction of personality, the decay of those convictions that once fought for a free market, free competition, laissez-faire, and all the rest of it. The theme in these poets is some disguised form of individual grandeur—and since the individual can only achieve grandeur *in scale,* he must gain it by some form of deprecation of his fellows and society. In other words, if you like, this is a completely immoral doctrine. And Communism is moral in the only true sense—it insists that the individual find himself in relation to the people with whom he lives.

This artist, this Romantic poet, does consistent things with ideas, emotions and words. He destroys humor; humor has something to do with a sense of proportion. He cannot tolerate a sense of proportion. Laughter goes, personal grievances multiply. He destroys objectivity. Objectivity has something to do with sanity. He is the enemy of objectivity, since it breaks down his subjective world and his godhood. Eventually he destroys meaning. He pretends to scorn his audience; but his chief desire is to have his audience concur in his own self-opinion. Because this has happened in the cases of the greatest geniuses long after they are dead he demands that it happen to him. A strange dilemma is then invented—the poet begins to talk about two worlds, about the world of dream where he is a god in fantasy, and the world where he is just John Jones, *i.e.,* the world of reality. Observe what the Romantic poet does—he takes the reality of dream and illusion out of life where they belong and where they are a common experience, and he makes this experience into an anti-life principle, a weapon against the rest of life and all who live in it. He so destroys the validity of dream that like an abused thing or a worn-out word, poets of the new literature will probably regard it as an old whore attached to the dead order. This Romanticist has a way of destroying much that he touches. It all comes from the impulse to give himself an importance in defiance of what is true—a wish-importance. And this can grow very tiresome indeed—tiresome even to its practitioner. The strain is really too much for human nerves; and the dope type, the suicide type, and the type that glorifies madness as an index of genius, multiply. The audience a good poet should have cannot concern itself with these maladies—only a sick leisure class can fasten, in self-justification, to the chronicle of the sick artist. His other audience, busy with the problems within life and living with the discipline of material limitation, has no one to write the story of its struggle.

Now our mistake has been in accepting these types as inevitable artist types. We should have been told by our students of literature that the attitude called Classical did not foster such types. It is agreed that at the core of the Classical view is the sanity of viewing man as a very limited and imperfect animal. We call to mind most easily those writers tagged Classical who have done very little else than to record the evidence to prove how silly, how knavish, how ignorant and vain, in other words, how un-godlike, man is. Others have been able to show the value of the imperfect animal when he is engaged in a struggle for something good outside himself. You are going to ask me what this has to do with Communism. I say that a social theory that aims to build a society that will make it impossible for one class of men to exploit other men, is clearly based on a realistic and sane acceptance of man, the imperfect animal. At one stroke the "Evil" the Romanticist finds so difficult to diagnose, is handled and objectified. No Romanticist can do anything so acute.

This is how the two literary schools fall into formation. I quote from T. E. Hulme, who says that the Classical writer feels: "Only by tradition and organization [can] anything decent be gotten out of him [Man]. . . . The Romantic, because he thinks man infinite, must always be talking about the infinite; and as there is always the bitter contrast between what you think you ought to be able to do and what man actually can. [Romanticism] tends, in its later stages at any rate, to be gloomy."

The Romanticist tends, we should say, to end in futilities and in melancholia, in philosophic defeatism. Whereas this other type, depending on his nearness to a full acceptance of Communism, tends to sobriety and action; he does not go in for gloom, since that is a form of self-indulgence; he is interested in the world even when what he sees is intensely gloomy.

We see that Communism faces the first fact of man's imperfection and weakness with the only possible moral and realistic plan of action; whereas the Romantic is never hard enough, nor clear enough really to espouse Communism—he may try, but press him, and he will deviate inevitably. He is more at home with anarchism, or Utopian schemes, at first requiring men and women to act from a series of noble instincts; then turning defeatist and using the citations of failure for personal excuses. A poet who has ventured outside the narrow range of Romanticism is much more quickly at home with the aims of Communism, since, if he knows the Classical view, he sees the necessity for discipline, and more important than anything else, he accepts without spiritual prudery, all the facts of human nature. He is one up on the Classical poet who accepts and resigns himself to a fixed human nature. He is far ahead of the Romantic poet who is in love with the impossible because it is impossible, in love with non-human qualities (*i.e.,* Shelley); hating

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mankind for its lack of dream-perfection. Let us say that the new poet is in love with human beings as Lenin was in love with them —knowing faults and virtues with accuracy, unsurprised at even the strangest things in human behavior, capable of laughter, capable of action with others; totally incapable of anything so wasteful as reproaches, wailing grievances, or preachments.

In these realities the new literature can find its themes. How will the new artist who is a thorough Communist differ from the writers of the great past? In this, that he will not see the weakness in men fixed and absolute, or use its incidence to advocate passivity. This is the great power of Communism, that it uses self-interest with human idealism, making the two work together, harnessing this energy as it would an energy in nature to make a machine, incorporating both self-interest and idealism in forms that will last.

Only in this fashion can the ideal of social good become a reality; in a form so invincible that it makes the environment of future generations. Only in this fashion—(the silly old argument)—change human nature; in a form where the good of the individual and the good of society coincide proving that the futile dilemma of the liberal and the Romanticist—Individual versus Society—is a false, a manufactured, not an inevitable problem. This great wisdom has no corrosion of cynicism or defeatism about it; neither is it a vain hope.

How can the Romantic child, the poet fed on another set of values, treat Communism as anything but his arch-enemy? He loves chaos—chaos has been glorified by his masters. Until he loves order, discipline, form, and proportion in both society and literature, he finds every fact of the new order a threat to his happiness. He desires to be above his fellowman; he will not admit his human limitations; he indulges himself in attitudes that show him as non-moral as a god, himself his own law. Being a self-lover, he hates society, fears the bugaboo, Authority, and babbles about his freedom. How comic you say? Comic here; but read cheap biography of popular genius and see how seriously author and reader brood over this non-existent freedom. The good artist knows that he needs society, that he works best with right authority, and that freedom is a word. The Romantics augment the cult of genius and inflate all values until they have no meaning, except the pull on the reader's infantile self. We see these types all around us — bitter, weak, violent, suicidal, ridiculously vain, hysterical, the prisoners of egotism. We are supposed to adore them. In an age where the other set of values were taken for granted, these people would never be indulged; they would become the butt of jokes, the Malvolios of drama. But they are pitiful even in their foolishness; they are starving to death for lack of connection with life. We see them distorting language, straining for effect, play-acting greatness. At their best, they express our sick era. At their worst—adolescent art, it's a great bore!

Where is the genial, sober, salty, level-headed, profound type of the older literatures —no gods and giants, but men, grown to full capacity? Communism will produce them; we shall never read their works.

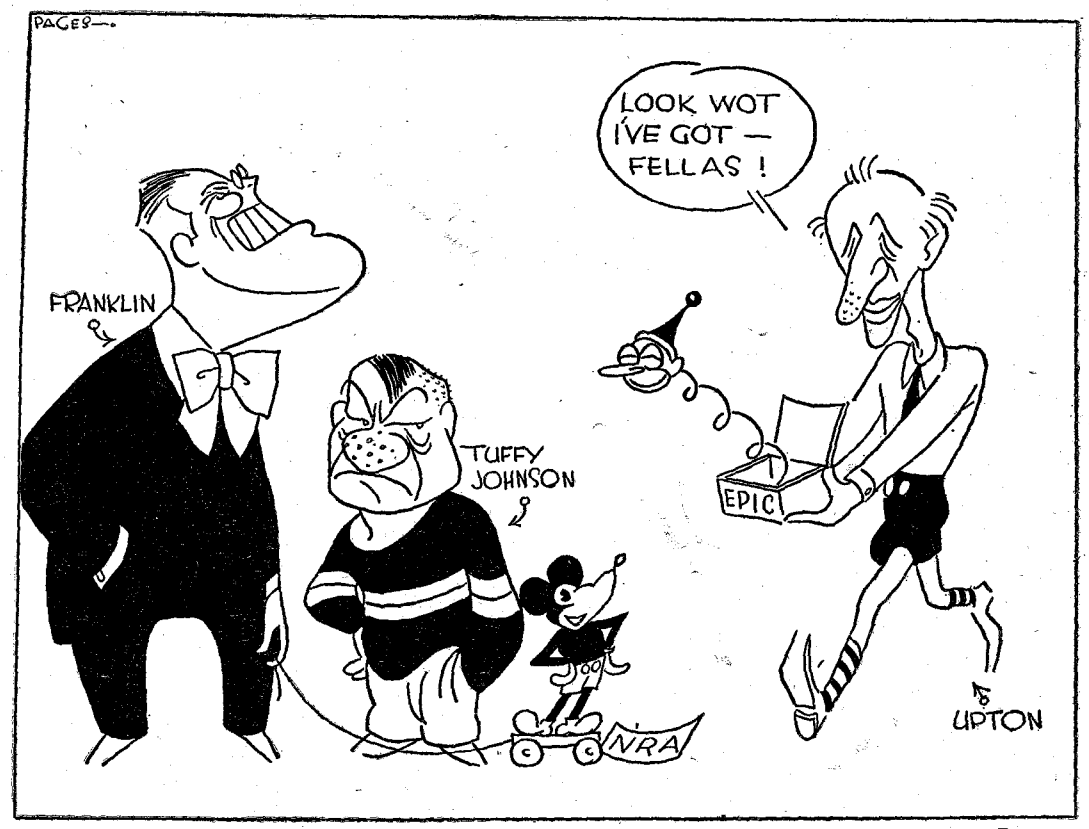
At this point I check myself and remember that Marx saw the value in neurotic Heine (who might stand as the epitome of all I am attacking), when several radical factions condemned him. So I confine myself to attacking the type. I enjoy Heine! It is too late to change the poets of a contemporary generation—you cannot return them to oblivion, like a dun, unopened. If he is ninety-percent tosh, it's just too bad. A better tradition and he might have been—but that's not the point. I return to my thesis: the best art is the work of society, the artist is only the efficient cause; poetry's only vitality, like the vitality of society, lies in Communism.

Miss Taggard's article is so provocative that it is certain to arouse considerable discussion. Her article, however, contains certain assumptions regarding Communist ideology which are unclear and somewhat mistaken. This is because Miss Taggard uses certain terms without clearly defining them. In the beginning of her discussion she makes a contrast between Romanticism and Communism without defining the term Romanticism. Obviously she means bourgeois Romanticism, and it is necessary to bear in mind her restricted references. We can imagine, for example, a "revolutionary romanticism"—a poem, story or play projecting a vision of a socialist society: an outgrowth of the dialectical forces perceived in the present breakdown of capitalism.

In contrasting Communism and Romanticism she leaves an implication which is not corrected until nearly the end of her discussion: that Communism rejects the concept of man's perfectibility. This is a misstatement since it is precisely because Communism believes in the perfectibility of man, that it works for a system in which, through discipline and socialized institutions, man can perfect himself. The contrast is rather between the anarchic anti-social individualist idea generated by Capitalism, which exalts the ego, and the socially-motivated institutions of Communism which adjust the relationship of the individual to society.

Miss Taggard's position can be considerably fortified by specific references to those final literary stages of bourgeois Romanticism, such as Dadaism, Stream of consciousness, the Revolution of the Word, Objectivism, Futurism, and so on, together with their outstanding practitioners. Even if in a sense these writers are committing and have committed literary suicide, in that very suicide they destroy within capitalist society some of the impediments to a new social order. Those who can go no further than the act of destruction nevertheless fulfil a revolutionary function, for it is such destruction which paves the way to new creation. The individualist rebel — the bourgeois romantic—is the potential ally of either reaction or revolution. In Italy the Futurists have gone with the Fascists; in the Soviet Union the Futurists became part of the proletarian revolution. The fate of the bourgeois romantic is fundamentally dependent on his historical milieu.

THE EDITORS.



ON OUR BLOCK *Page*

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Solidarity

JOHN MULLEN

WE HAD just finished our strike-committee meeting yesterday morning when Jimmy Armilla comes into the room, looks around and then beckons to me to follow him. He walked out and I went out after him. As we walked down the street toward the picket lines, Jimmy says to me:

"I was over to the relief shanty just now . . . and you better come down there with me . . . things ain't so good."

"What's wrong?" I inquired.

"Relief's about gone . . . and the cooks are worried," he answers.

Jimmy was worried too. He's usually cheerful, no matter how bad things are breaking. Jimmy has been head of the relief committee ever since we organized it over a month ago and has been doing a good job in raising food for the strikers. It was only shortly after he was given the job of feeding a large part of the twelve hundred strikers and their families that needed relief, that he had things humming. He got hold of an old blacksmith's shanty up near the Diamond mine shaft, about ten minutes' walk from the picket lines on the mill we are striking here. In no time at all he had organized relief committees which scoured the country-side, bringing automobile loads of farm stuff which the truck farmers donated to the strikers. Sacks of potatoes, hundreds of pounds of beets, turnips, onions, came in from the small farmers. Occasionally a farmer gave a pig, others sometimes donated several chickens. One even gave us a rather angular cow right after the strike started. Jimmy, in consultation with the strikers who volunteered as cooks, decided to keep the cow in reserve for emergency purposes, so they tethered her in a sparse grass patch in a small field above the relief kitchen.

The cow didn't get on so well, being kind of mangy to start with, but she gave a little milk now and then. Jimmy used the milk for a few of the strikers' kids who had taken sick. The kids named the cow "Solidarity," after a union song we sang on the picket lines.

Solidarity didn't seem to be aware that a strike was on and that she occupied an honored position among the strikers. She was merely annoyed by the fact that the grass refused to grow like nature had intended it to grow. That's the way it is out here in this steel and mining country. The grass and flowers for the most part keep away from these towns. The soot and smoke from the mills and the sulphur fumes from the mine slag-heaps kill everything green. Only the most hardy and courageous kind creeps timidly into these towns from the countryside. So Solidarity wasn't getting very fat.

I was thinking of all these things as Jimmy walked to the shanty with me. In a few more minutes we were there.

The shanty itself was not much to see, being built many years ago to shoe the horses and mules for a strip mine nearby, now worked out and abandoned. But it was serviceable, and our cooks, two Greeks and one Italian woman, had installed great copper boilers for cooking cauldrons for coffee, and in the rear there was a brick oven on which the food was cooked. In another corner was stored the food that the relief committees had collected; vegetables, boxes of macaroni, and from the low clapboard roof hung smoked meats, garlic and dried onions. Several plank tables had been built in front of the shack, protected from rainy weather by a roof of tar paper, donated by a small hardware dealer over in town.

We walked in and the cooks stopped work at once. We all sat down and started to talk. Jimmy spoke to the Italian woman, the wife of a striker named Gigli, and then translated her conversation to me. It seemed, accord-

Philip Nesbit

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ing to Jimmy, that she was in charge of all the cooking, and had noticed a serious shortage developing over the past few days, especially in the meats. Some vegetables were still coming in, but she and the other two cooks were having a hard time making the huge pots of stew that had become the main dish of the relief kitchen.

The problem was serious, so I said to the cooks:

"Can't we use the vegetables for soup, adding what little meat we got?"

One of the Greeks answered: "Need fresh meat make good soup for strikers," and he slapped his dirty aproned belly to indicate his contempt for anything that didn't have strong meat in it.

The Italian woman and the other cook nodded in agreement. Then I suddenly thought of Solidarity, and I asked them, in a surprised manner, why they didn't use her for stew. They looked at each other and back at me very solemnly, but they didn't answer my question. Jimmy acted as though he was busy trying to decipher the trade-mark on a box of macaroni and didn't hear my question. I repeated my inquiry. Then Jimmy kicks the box of macaroni as if it was responsible for our predicament and tells me: "We thought of slaughtering her this morning when the meat ran out . . ."

"Haven't we got anybody among the strikers who can do the butchering . . . why don't we do it?" I asked him.

The cooks just had nothing to say all this time. I knew there was something peculiar in the whole situation. So I persisted. Finally Jimmy blurts out: "Well, y'see we kinda got to like Solidarity around the shanty here . . . and the kids have a great time with her . . ." He put the thing rather lamely.

"She's a cow even if she is named Solidarity, and we need meat." I spoke sharply.

"Oh, that ain't all," Jimmy says. "We've been using Solidarity as sort of a way of showing the bosses we got so much relief we don't need her . . . and the strikers feel better, knowing we got a whole cow we don't need."

"Yes, but we need her now . . . she's got to be butchered before tomorrow morning. That will give us enough meat to hold us over until we get more in."

I stood up to dismiss the matter when I said this, and Jimmy shook his head slowly, in agreement. The cooks looked at Jimmy and he nodded to them. They walked back to the rear of the kitchen and started to work again. Then Jimmy and I walked out of the shanty.

I saw Solidarity over in the field and walked over to look at her. She was plenty thin and her ribs looked like a piece of hide stretched over some barrel hoops. But she would do for a few days and would make a lot of stew. She didn't seem aware that I had just passed death sentence on her, and kept right on munching in a little spot of grass.

Well, today, I went up to the kitchen real early in the morning and sure enough you could smell the stew all around the place. Solidarity, or part of her at least, was in the pot. Jimmy came along at the same time, and we sat down to eat. We always ate early in the mornings with the cooks, so that we could avoid the rush a little later and be back at strike headquarters, getting things ready for the day.

Gigli's wife brought a big dish of stew out of the shanty and put it down on the plank table. She started back to get more, but Jimmy called to her in Italian before she went into the shanty. In a minute she came out with a pot of coffee and a chunk of salami. Under her arm she had a loaf of old rye bread. She put these on the table for Jimmy. I looked at him and at the salami: "No stew? Salami's not good for you six o'clock in the morning."

"Not hungry," Jimmy informs me.

"You always had a good appetite before in the mornings."

"Aw, lay off, will you, Johnny?" he barks. "I ain't hungry, that's all."

The two cooks came to the shanty door and bade us good morning. I waved a fork at them, with a chunk of Solidarity on the end and said: "Ain't you going to eat with us?" . . . "We eat already!" they answered, and went back into the shack to get ready for the crowd that would soon be coming for the stew.

Witness at Leipzig

EDWIN ROLFE

Under torture and other pressure in a Nazi concentration camp, two Communists renounced their views and signed a statement implicating the Communist Party in the Reichstag fire. They were brought to the trial by the Nazis as witnesses for the prosecution. On the witness stand, however, knowing that their testimony would mean life or death for them, they declared they had been tortured into signing the statement and, reaffirming their positions as Communists, they turned their testimony into a valiant and crushing attack upon the Nazi prosecution. NEWS ITEM.

I am glad I am here; I have said
what my heart not my lips have uttered
always, in dungeons under lash and where
to mutter under the breath meant death.

I have come through forested distances
over bloody highways where the dead
have trod; have killed words in me, shed
the thousandth skin of my soul—and all

my blood which flows too fast remembers
cries, mad laughter of wracked friends,
comrades lost to the living, wedded
to God! the swastika stitched on.

Yet I am proud I have come have spoken here:
this stand before you, justice, is my guillotine
surely as truth is on my lips today
which all but burst the heart these many months.

Dimitroff speaks this truth; his sentences
resound beyond the rafters of this room.
Hear Nazi judge, at you! and you, brown prosecutor,
his words like doom are aimed.

I tell this too—may't damn the court
before dawn rises on my severed head!—
to you, gentlemen: these close walls
have ears and tentacles that reach

beyond all prisons and above all time
that you conceive. I say our Party
knew nothing of the fire but foretold your death
who now claim mine. I know this stand's

my last, this room the final room
where I shall walk alive and speak
to enemy or friend. Yet I am strangely
proudly glad that this is so.

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Correspondence

Organizing Department Stores

To The New Masses:

It may be interesting to those who are not intimately connected with department store work and particularly to those who are working in department stores to know that the number of union groups functioning in the various department stores of the city has grown tremendously. Whereas two years ago we had a small union nucleus active only in Macy's, there are today, nuclei in Gimbel's, Namm's, Bloomingdale's, Lerner's, Martin's, Wanamaker's, etc.

In carrying on organizational work in department stores, we encounter the same difficulties that have to be met in unionizing other branches of white collar workers. That the barrier is being gradually broken down there can be no doubt.

The store as the customer sees it is not the same institution for which a department store employe must work. The N.R.A. Code has provided for a minimum wage which is lower than the pre-N.R.A. wage-scale. This minimum, as in other industries, has become the maximum wage. Besides working under terrific speed-up because of undermanned staffs, the workers are in constant fear of losing their jobs. This uncertainty is based on their experience in seeing older workers (those earning more than the N.R.A. minimum) fired, to be replaced by new people who receive the N.R.A. minimum wage.

Department stores today are ripe with possibilities for concerted mass action. Witness the recent Wanamaker action. Seven workers were fired for union activity. Immediately a picket line was whipped together, formed by workers of the Department Store Section of the Office Workers Union letting customers know why these employes were fired. Indignant customers and organizations protested that workers' right to organize should be so flouted by the management. As telegrams poured in, and customers closed their charge accounts, Wanamaker's had to give in. They reinstated five of the seven workers. By the collaboration of all workers of the Department Store Section on behalf of the fired workers, we were able to win their reinstatement. Struggles for organization in other department stores are no different from those of Wanamaker's. Other successes have been scored by workers in Macy's led by the militant Macy Group.

Our victories, however, have only begun. They imply a task of struggle the importance of which no department store worker can afford to underestimate. Because of its comparatively short existence, there are probably numbers of people who are unacquainted with the organization. We therefore urge all department store workers reading these columns to publicize it among their fellow-workers and to get in touch with the Department Store Section of the Office Workers Union, 114 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

Pauline Lewis,
Executive Committee of D.S.S. of O.W.U.

One We Missed

To The New Masses:

In the issue of August 14 your movie reviewer, I. L., speaks about the "red with foreign accent, bushy beard, unruly hair, baggy pants with a bomb in his hand . . . which is now a regular prop in current films."

He forgot to add to his list *The Merry Frinks* with Allen Jenkins (normally associated with Lee Tracy and Frank McHugh as a fellow newspaperman or gangster) in the role of a red herring.

This man Jenkins, whose every intention has a striking effect upon the funny bone of most moviegoers, takes the part of a wild-eyed, loud-mouthed capitalist denouncing labor lawyer, whose main case, it seems, is the defense of the two heavily bearded and accented comedians, disguised as reds, who are always coming in from the outside and calling one another comrades and their enemies, bourgeois rats.

If you have seen Jenkins as a reporter or a gangster you can imagine how ridiculous a caper he can cut in the role of a labor defense lawyer; while the three of them together, conducting themselves in the best manner of Hearst's anti-labor cartoons, make up a team that is hard to beat for downright and malicious nitwittery. Some of the props in the film include a large, familiar picture of Stalin ushered in at the beginning of the film, to quickly identify the political affiliation of the lawyer, for the audience; numerous posters urging workers not to "bend their knees to the bosses"; and a supporting cast including Stinky Frink and a long lost relative from New Zealand whose recipe for rice waffles provides the only tolerable comedy in the picture.

Towards the end of the evening Jenkins manages to lose the case for his comrades; as result of which he is given a terrific pummeling by the red beards, which conveniently enables him to conclude that the capitalist system is perhaps the best after all! *Merry Frinks* like *Friends of Mr. Sweeney* is a Warner Bros. production. David Platt.

The Battle of New Orleans

To The New Masses:

If the National Guard can be used to break up picket lines, why can't it be used to keep a political machine running smoothly? Huey Long thought that one up and he's putting it into practice. If Huey Long can control the whole state of Louisiana except New Orleans, why shouldn't he control that city too? If Mayor Walmsley uses the city police to collect graft and makes an excellent living out of prostitutes, night clubs, horse-races, etc., why shouldn't the eminent Senator do likewise? It's all very simple. The Federal relief agencies take care of the poor on $4 a month, and Senator Long will take care of the poor exploited gangsters in New Orleans. The battle of New Orleans is between two mad dogs over a corrupt and diseased bone. The decay of capitalist government has some aspects more revolting than others.

New Orleans. Jacob Arnot.

Mother Mooney

To The New Masses:

As the funeral procession bearing his mother neared the steel gates of San Quentin, Tom Mooney strained his eyes to catch a glimpse outside his living tomb. Warden James Holohan kept those high sharp barriers locked that the workers might not bear the body of Mother Mooney inside for her son to pass one last moment with her. As the procession receded from the gray coldness, Tom resumed his peeling of potatoes for Officers' Mess.

When the boat docked at San Francisco on its return from San Quentin, over 1,500 workers filed into a line of march behind the body of Mother Mooney, as it was borne slowly up Market Street. Thousands of other workers formed a solid wall on either side of the procession the entire length of its march to the Civic Auditorium. The Auditorium already nearly filled, the workers who escorted Mother Mooney from San Francisco's Embarcadero marched into the balcony. Solemnly, and with a mighty spirit, the thousands of workers present pledged themselves to carry on the fight where Mother Mary Mooney left off. Her message was carried out of the hall, past those who could see her for the last time, to thousands of other workers listening over the radio to the voices of Leo Gallagher, Robert Whitaker, and Harry Bridges. "Carry on! Carry on!" rang the challenge of the day.

Campbell, Calif. Karl Saylor.

The Case of William F. Hill

To The New Masses:

On August 16, 1885 postal substitutes throughout the country were appointed to fill regular positions, despite the fact that there were 20,000 such vacancies waiting to be filled, according to Postmaster General Farley's own figures in the report of his office for the year 1933. That these few appointments were made only after the National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees had militantly forced the issue (an account of these activities, written by Albert Halper, appeared in the July 31 issue of The New Masses, is borne out by no other authority than President Roosevelt himself, who, when speaking of the current postal protest to the press on March 22, states that "most of the complaints have come from New York City (then National Headquarters of NASPOE) principally from organizations of substitute clerks and letter carriers."

William F. Hill, a national officer of this union, and President of the St. Louis local, greeted the announcement of these 1885 appointments by writing a letter to his local newspapers, pointing out the relatively small number of vacancies filled, and constructively pointed out that normal service to the public could only be restored by filling the remaining vacancies. W. Rufus Jackson, Acting Postmaster of St. Louis, met the sympathetic response that Hill's letter evoked by preferring utterly groundless charges against Hill for dismissal, charging among other things that the writing of the letter was "an offense involving moral turpitude." The content of his official letter of charges is extremely vague; no attempt is made to refute Hill's statements (which, of course, he cannot possibly do. The facts are too well known.) or to cite specific portions of the only document in the case (the letter which appeared in the Star-Times, August 15), which substantiate in any particular any one of his charges. It is clearly a brazen effort on his part to intimidate and to silence the representatives of the substitutes union from carrying on their fight for the filling of all vacancies, and to prevent them from exposing the true nature of Farley's "balanced budget," which took $80,000,000 out of the postal worker's pockets and drastically curtailed service to the public.

The National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees is fighting to save Hill's job, and is demanding the retraction of all the charges. They have called upon their locals to give the case the widest possible publicity and to organize a mass campaign of protest to Jackson, and to W. W. Howes, First Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., under whose jurisdiction the case falls. In its public statements to the press, the union correctly states that "this threat to the author of the letter constitutes an attack upon the organized efforts of postal employees to improve their working conditions. For the strongest weapon all government employes have at their command is public opinion. And public opinion can be marshalled in our support only by organized efforts to acquaint citizens throughout the nation with the facts of the service, and our recommendations for its improvements. For these reasons the case of William F. Hill is of far greater importance than that of any single individual, however wronged. It is a case which is of vital and fundamental significance to every postal worker and to every other Civil Service employee in the United States. If the principle laid down by the charges in this case are generally imposed, all constructive criticism of the government will be smothered; government employees will have no other legal recourse whatever to improve conditions; and we will have little further to go to approximate the Fascist suppression of Hitlerite Germany."

J. A. F.

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Books

Still on the Fence

THE FOUNDRY, by Albert Halper. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IN 1932 Albert Halper published *Union Square* and gave the American bourgeoisie the Communist they wanted to see. He endorsed Mencken's "lunatic fringe" theory. The Literary Guild proclaimed this a proletarian novel and handed it to the world. Sinclair Lewis and Carl Van Doren and Jim Tully blew loud bugles. Halper had presented them with the Communist they wanted to see: they heralded him as the "proletarian" novelist they wanted to read. Everybody north of Union Square was happy and Halper's name was in electric lights.

But something happened in the interim: the seven million jobless of 1931 grew to seventeen million; the picket line stretched across America and everywhere Communist strength grew. Communists marched at the head of picket lines. And picket lines, the battalions of tomorrow, spell today's doom. Halper is a man with a pair of good eyes. He saw his *Union Square* was a travesty. He swore he had written what he had seen. But he had seen the isolate and described the exceptional. Consequently, he wrote the following statement which appeared in the February 27 issue of THE NEW MASSES:

> I have been reading every number of THE NEW MASSES since it has become a weekly, with intense interest, and the mere cold cut documentation of the articles has made me realize, more than ever, that the revolutionary program you are projecting is the only way out of the mess and wreckage which our statesmen still insist on calling civilization. Your magazine is getting better all the time, and I think will reach out to more and more people who, being left without being sharply aware of it, will swing over to your side. I heartily endorse your editorial policy and will be glad to send you material in the future.

That very day it chanced that a demonstration of jobless marched by THE NEW MASSES offices. Halper turned to me and said "I guess this is the answer to my *Union Square.*"

The Foundry appeared, preceded by brave fanfare. The same legion of trumpeters who hailed *Union Square* gave this book the glad hand. Sinclair Lewis generously conceded "genius"; the New York Times and the Herald Tribune sent up flags proclaiming bright weather. As one judges a man by his friends, one can estimate a writer by the critics who praise him. Halper, who wrote the above note in THE NEW MASSES, wrote the following sentiment on the book-jacket of his latest novel: "In the foundry I worked half the time with the bosses and half the time with the laborers. And I heard them plotting against each other. Each side tried to pump me. I kept my mouth shut. I didn't say anything. I just remembered." (!)

The Foundry opens with an infuriating introduction. Halper presents a cast of characters. I got the feeling here was an interlocutor in some literary minstrel show. The white, superior interlocutor with Bourbon condescension introducing the black-face characters. Halper in satin pants and white gloves talking:

> Old Charley—overlord of the "bird cage" or elevator, he of the bald dome and the dead, crippled legs, very fond of roast-beef sandwiches, a rather grumpy gent . . . Della—a lively little minx who works in the foundry . . . Pete, the caster, with "hair on his chest" . . . August Kafka—the foundry's shipping clerk; he has a hankering to master the piano . . . Kitty and Polly—strapping lady barbers in the barber shop around the corner; built for "double duty," so to speak. . . .

Here was that Menckenian corrosion. The late Mencken gave Halper his first break and made him pay dearly for the privilege. He transmitted to Halper delusions of grandeur. The writer sits high on some Olympus observing the forces far below deploy and attack. You see the workers move this way and that: the bosses that way and this. It's often vivid, exciting, but the total result is remoteness, snootiness.

Yet the novel held me—although I often cursed Halper for that high-toned "objectivity" which caused Sinclair Lewis to remark that Halper's workers are a fine type, they're not always bellyaching. What happened was this: Halper recreates the proletariat in his own image.

He must recognize this—the catalogue of jobs so often listed in "proletarian" novelists' thumb-sketch autobiographies on the book-jacket, does not make them proletarians. From Halper's own admission, he was forever seeking to climb out of the muck of proletarianism; he went to law school at nights, he pounded out songs for roadhouses; he attended sessions at Northwestern. Not that this per se would invalidate his claim of possessing a working-class background. The point is, he wore overalls and a cap but beneath the cap was a petty bourgeois brain. The habits and thought patterns developed during this period are not to be cast off like his erstwhile overalls. They crop up again and again in his book; at times ruining what could have been a splendid piece of work.

It is precisely this weakness that endears him to the Sinclair Lewises and Van Dorens. When Lewis reads Halper he sees himself in dungarees wielding a heroic hammer. Albert Halper really is, if one may use the phrase, a petty-bourgeois "proletarian" writer. His workers belong to the aristocracy of labor. They have been supporters of the A. F. of L.'s most reactionary tendencies. They do not live in the slums, in the company patch. They buy "farms" near Chicago and go suburban. They are the top layer of the proletariat, encrusted with petty bourgeois ideals. But they are vanishing like yesterday's snows.

I do not know if Halper realizes his workers are not typical proletarians. Nothing in this book assures you of this. One cannot quarrel with Halper if his objective is to depict this type, this small stratum of the working-class. But one must not be left with the moral that *these* workers are *the* proletariat. That's the point. That's not made clear by Halper. That's why he gets the big hand from the bourgeois critics. But in reality they did not see all Halper's implications. On occasion, when Halper forgets he's the interlocutor in the minstrel show, he appears as a writer of power, of breadth and tenderness. He catches the reality beneath the wisecrack. He presents several characters, Slavony and Brown, the bulky tankmen, with warmth, a tenderness that, to me, hints at our Halper who belongs not to Mencken, but to us.

The windup of the book is superb: here the bourgeois critics went blind as bats. Halper closes with the three owners of the Foundry, down and out at the crucial moment: one, the giant, Max'l, who strode like a lion through the dynamos, moaned under the sheets with a heart attack after the stock market exploded in October '29; Cranly, the wizened senior partner, writhed in an incurable disease; while the third, Jack Duffy, the wit, signed off by putting a bullet through his brain and leaving his final wisecrack, "You Will Find My Carcass in the Privy, Folks."

The workers, who have taken the foundry over when their bosses disappear, do not even notify the police until morning, because the cops will interfere with their production schedule. And so Duffy, the boss, lies in the

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privy with a bullet in his brain. The implication is plain for anybody who wants to see: the factory can be run *without* the bosses. It makes very little difference if they sit in the front office or die in the men's room.

Halper is a fighter pulling his punches. I fear he writes with one eye on the Literary Guild, on Lewis and the Tribune. Why, in this day when one is forced to choose sides, does Halper introduce a nondescript and unreal "radical"—Karl Heitman, a "militant, *intelligent* workingman . . ."? To many of the middle-class coming our way the working-class divides itself into two categories: the intelligent and the unintelligent. Workers are intelligent when they behave as the middle-class man feels they should.

With few exceptions, our middle-class sympathizers often lack humility, understanding, patience. They burn up when the worker doesn't get their messianic message at first reading. Impatience, arrogance are earmarks of the petty-bourgeois. A Communist's prime duty is "patiently to explain."

Let there be no misapprehension concerning Halper's ability. He is a first rate writing man. He can spin a yarn when he has a mind to: he can, more vividly than I have seen in any of our younger American writers, give the feel, the smell, the sound of our brick and electric jungles in which the industrial proletariat lives and dies.

But he must forget the plaudits of the outstanding bourgeois critics and writers. A true artist, he must experience the basic urge to go with the forces of creation. Halper is at the turning of the road. He must make up his mind. Although the proletariat cannot make him a best seller it wants and needs him. It wants and needs all men of talent. But it cannot wine and dine and flatter. And all men of talent must realize this: they need the proletariat in order to develop, to reach fruition. Their alliance with the only forces of light in a world darkened by the thunderheads of war and Fascism, is an absolute necessity. If they do not see this, then not only the annihilation of No Man's Land faces them, not only the barbed wires of concentration camps, but also moral and mental decay. It's a job, coming our way, coming all the way. There's poverty in it and endless struggle. There are concentration camps and there will be barricades. This Halper will find if he walks up the proletarian way. It's not primrose, Halper. But it is honest.

JOSEPH NORTH.

Not So Slow

SLOW VISION. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Macaulay. $2.

Slow Vision is easily Maxwell Bodenheim's best novel, perhaps because he has now found something worth while writing about. This something is the class struggle, which not only is quite a different matter from the struggle to replenish Jessica, but is also large enough to include an understanding of "New York madness." What our liberal critics still can't accept without gagging—they have such tender systems—has become a simple truth for many of our novelists, that the Marxian analysis of society, far from limiting the author's vision, opens up new possibilities for his talents.

The significance of Bodenheim's title for his new book obtains from the alleged slow process by which a realistic vision of life in the United States comes to his principal character. But considering that Bodenheim's hero is of that borderline unleavened lump most handicapped and most degraded by petty bourgeois illusions, and remembering that in less than a year's time this politically unborn boy is ready to join a red union and to strike, he's not so slow at that. Compared to the progression of most intellectuals to the left, and remembering their opportunities, Ray Bailey's pilgrimage has something of the velocity of a comet.

Bodenheim succeeds very well in giving us the children of the city's streets, the children of the anonymous millions who neither starve nor live decently, but somehow manage to struggle along, disillusioned and embittered Micawbers of capitalism. These kids want what any normal kid wants — a chance to work and play and live and love, a half-way decent break in life. Thanks to our economic barbarism, however, life for them is at best a confidence game, a matter of dog eat dog, and love something to be snatched in a dark hallway or a park bench. Bodenheim rightly presents the whole picture as a pretty heart-breaking affair, with all its tragic implications of human waste and corruption and suffering.

Ray works as a bellhop in a hotel; Allene as a stenog, when she can find work. They would like to get married, live like human beings, maybe have children. But the cards are stacked against them; they face blank, forbidding walls wherever they turn. When finally Ray tells Allene that he's going down to the red union to sign up for the hotel strike, the reader experiences a great relief, as in the play *Stevedore* when the white dock wallopers come to the rescue of their Negro comrades. This is the real release in our present stage of the proletarian novel, and we might as well stop talking about the Aristotelian virtues of pity and terror. When it comes to the P & T catharsis our embattled disinherited on the picket lines and in the streets could probably give the old Greek kulak lessons anyway.

EDWIN SEAVER.

No Salvation By Art

THE WAYS OF WHITE FOLKS, by Langston Hughes. A. A. Knopf. $2.50.

Mary White Ovington is one of the prominent bourgeois Negro intellectuals. It was her task to review Langston Hughes' new book in one of the publications of the bourgeois Negro press, The Baltimore Afro-American, and she found the task an uncomfortable one.

The conclusion the book inevitably leads to,

Langston Hughes

distressed her. In a disheartened tone she writes "The two worlds (black and white) never meet in friendly sympathy." And she ends, "I especially recommend the book to the Caucasian reader."

That recommendation is an outstanding example of passing the buck. Why to the Caucasian reader, especially? Why not to all Negro intellectuals to remind them of the humiliating futility of their efforts to establish contact with whites on equal terms on the supposed antiseptic field of culture? Why not to the Negro bourgeoisie to reveal to them that they are used, as the Chinese say, as "the running dogs" of the white bourgeoisie? Why not to the Negro workers to show that neither the black woman, held in love in the arms of a white man, nor the devoted black servant allowing his white master to fall into a deep, unpayable debt of gratitude to him, can ever win decent treatment and respect for their race; that only his own unified strength, joined to his natural ally, the organized white worker, who has a similar fight on his hands, will ever win him freedom and equality.

The failure of the purely cultural contact between the two races is the central issue of the book, as it is the subject of most of the stories. It is this that makes the book significant. The Negro in America has passed, in his relationship with the white, through one humiliating sentimentality after another. Uncle Tom and Mammy have been succeeded by the transformed savage, still naked in swallowtails, recreating the Jungle in Harlem ballrooms, being the Embodied Pulse of the Dance. The white condescension has remained: the exploitation goes on. Just as, in

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the Far East, the art of China and the "spirituality" of China were most in vogue in the West, when Western Imperialism was busiest in its work of dismembering China, so, too, exploitation of the Negro by white capitalism is accompanied by this condescending interest in the black man's soul. It is a titillating new form of exploitation for some, an occasion for easily achieved self-righteousness for others, the analogue, on the intellectual plane, of the white missionary.

Because, in his portrayal of nice white men and women patronizing the dear Negroes, Hughes is drastically ironic; because in his powerful, portrait of the white master unshaken by black love and devotion from his brutal consciousness of power, Hughes is unsparingly realistic, Mary White Ovington says, with a literary shudder, "Now we have the colored man's conception of the white man and woman and it is as severe (sic) as the picture the South once drew of the black. I use the word 'once' advisedly. Colored stories by white writers today are usually sympathetic."

Sympathetic! What a crawling word! How often it appears in the vocabulary of the opportunist Negro intellectual! What a state of mind this craving for "sympathy" indicates! *So Red the Rose,* by Stark Young, is an example of the "sympathetic" white Southern novelist. He pities the black man because in the unswayable course of history he will never be able to fall back into legal slavery, when, according to Young, he and the white master were both happier men.

Salvation by art has been an even greater deterrent to revolutionary action among the Negro intellectuals than among white intellectuals. Langston Hughes' work in shattering its illusions is of the first importance.

Some of the qualities of Hughes' fine verse appear also in his prose. There is, however, in many of the stories, a subjective quality in the approach and a resort frequently to melodrama, that Hughes can and should work out of. I hope, also, that he will go on from here, to what will constitute the next and greater task of the Negro writer, to deal with the heroic actions of Negro workers, among the sharecroppers, in the unemployed councils, in the I.L.D. There, on ground uncluttered by illusions, unstained by betrayal, the foundations of the new world of equality, and freedom, are being laid by Negro and white workers together. There, will be found the most fruitful, the most heroic subject, the Negro writer can look for.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Retreat to Faith

SCIENCE FOR A NEW WORLD, edited by J. G. Crowther. Harper & Bros. $3.75.

The book under review, which was planned by the late Sir J. Arthur Thomson, is intended to be a survey of contemporary science. It is designed "to provide the serious but non-specialist reader with a series of discussions of the state and outlook of modern science in its main branches." However, the reader will not find an exposition of the most significant developments in modern science in this book, nor of the relations established, nor the effects produced by such developments in the changing totality of social life. Instead, he will find a conscious effort by editor and contributors (except Hogben, Planck, and one or two others) to steer him past the turmoil of modern events into a blessed haven where nothing is intelligible. In other words, the contributors do not give you the benefit of their special knowledge in their respective scientific fields, but, pushing this hastily aside, confer upon you their personal contributions to a form of general ignorance of which most readers will find a plentiful supply closer to home. That is, as scientific salesmen of religion and capitalism they try to sell you theology as science.

A reading of this volume brings to mind those books of early science in which the expositor would point out how every natural manifestation was part of the handiwork of a divine Creator; consequently the author would direct "the attention of the reader to the Wisdom and Beneficence of the Great First Cause, and introduce those moral reflections which naturally flow from the subject."

Those moral and religious reflections which naturally flow from the subject—this is the real subject of the exposition in this volume. Accordingly the contributors were not picked so much for their eminence in exposition and learning as for their zeal and devotion as members of the theo-scientile priesthood. This comes out clearly in the choice of Mr. Christopher Dawson, one of Mr. T. S. Eliot's boys, as the authority on sociology as a science. His essay contains an ignorant attack on Marxian sociology for being "one-sided," and for neglecting the moral and spiritual factors in society. This neglect, it turns out, consists in the failure of the Marxists to describe the development of early capitalism in terms of the growth of a new religious attitude (the Protestant ethic) towards commerce and industry. Mr. Dawson has obviously not read the recent volume by the English scholar and non-Marxist, H. M. Robertson, who has exposed the fallaciousness of this view, which was propagated by Max Weber and his school. Mr. Dawson, like so many other contributors to this symposium of scientific confusion, dislikes Marxists because they intend to reconstruct society on the basis of rational science.

The insistence of the Marxists that the present social chaos can be scientifically analyzed is extremely distasteful to these scientists who have sold their intellectual heritage for the fleshpots of Oxford. Instead of showing the progress of man towards socialism, they speak of the Beyond that cannot be approached by science, and of a moral development that cannot stand scientific analysis. To R. A. Marett, rector of Exeter College, Oxford, the science of anthropology reveals the steady moral evolution of man towards the "upper deck" morality of the Oxford cleric. A materialist is so abhorrent to the worthy rector that he accuses him of being a "sub-human" type. In his efforts to spiritualize anthropology, Dr. Marett gives an interesting practical application of his moral approach. He points out that this approach enables the anthropologist to assure the colonial administrator "that primitive folk may be trusted to be decent according to their own lights if left to manage for themselves." In other words, they can be exploited more if you utilize the native priests than if you arouse their antagonism by trying to jam Christianity down their throats.

Thus science is not presented as the key to the riches of a new social order, when it is utilized by men to build socialism as is being done in the Soviet Union. The new bogey of an indeterminate universe is dragged in to show that science is really irrational at bottom, and that after all God is the ultimate irrationality. But this paradoxical formulation may not be so easy to swallow, so the Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, an Oxford Jesuit, uses another argument in his paper on "Science and Theology." Science is rational, he says, and so is theology. In fact, theology is itself a science, and religion is therefore "rinsed by cold thinking." But after trying to establish this "science" the Rev. D'Arcy confesses that since God is the ground of all rationality, there can be no question of analyzing the nature of God or religious experience. He makes himself known only through revelation. Science is thus used to provide the latest scientific justifications for religion; and since this destroys the basis of scientific advance, the conclusion is that science becomes the unscientific handmaid of the Lord.

This symposium brings up an interesting point. Mr. Dawson, like all anti-Marxists, accuses Communists of trying to "sociologize" science; that is, of explaining the social origins and social basis of scientific development. This is most "unscientific." But Professor C. Lloyd Morgan can write a completely unintelligible essay on "Psychology and Beyond," in which he deals not with psychology, but with "Divine Purpose." This is "scientific."

The perversion of science as a direct and indirect apologia for capitalism will continue at an accelerated pace so long as capitalism, the existence of which is incompatible with truth and rational knowledge, is not overthrown. The silly notion that science and scientists are above the class struggle and that the scope and direction of scientific research is not socially determined is best refuted by the contents of this volume. The refusal even to discuss the facts of science, and the deliberate attempt to pass off theology and obscurantism as scientific are eloquent proof that scientists are class-conscious and that science is used as a weapon by the ruling class. The best answer to this book lies not in discussion as to whether or not science has a class basis and class utilization. This is established fact. What we need is concrete proof that the truths of science can be used as a boomerang against the men who try to distort these truths, and against the class they serve.

DAVID RAMSEY.

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Salamandars and Politics

NOW IN NOVEMBER, by Josephine Johnson. Simon & Schuster. $2.

Sensitivity of a very high order has been fatal to more than one novelist and poet, or perhaps I should say that such sensitivity is often found in combination with fatal qualities. There is Emily Dickinson, for example, who at her finest completely transforms everyday experience and sharpens the senses of even the dullest reader, but who rather more often is merely fanciful or absurd or trivial. Then there is Willa Cather, who, in her earlier novels, drew vitality from her extraordinary responsiveness to the smallest detail of Nebraskan farm life, but who has in later years become a kind of genteel antiquarian. Miss Dickinson, one gathers, was so remote from the normal course of human existence in her own age that she could not evaluate her experiences, could not distinguish the ephemeral and eccentric from the representative and profound. Miss Cather, on the other hand, has been precipitated into a world in which her earlier values are no longer pertinent, and she prefers to falsify life rather than adjust herself to it.

By virture of her perceptiveness and her ability to communicate to her readers something of her own awareness, Josephine Johnson deserves to be compared, as she already has been, with Emily Dickinson and Willa Cather. The theme of her novel suggests, furthermore, comparison with an author who was perhaps greater than either of them, Emily Bronte. In *Now in November,* as in *Wuthering Heights,* the sense of doom colors the very first page. One knows that this is not simply an account of a Missouri farmer's struggle against drought and debt. One knows that there is more involved than the simple but intense revelation of a Dickinsonian appreciation of beauty in nature. From the first the novel builds towards the madness of Karen and her suicide, towards the catastrophic fire and the death of the mother, towards the frustration of both Merle's and Marget's love.

I would be the last to deny the power of this strange and almost unearthly tragedy that Miss Johnson unfolds. Yet I am most grateful for those elements in the book that are least reminiscent of the Brontes and Emily Dickinson, for the importance attached to the mortgage, for the casual talk about farmers' organizations, for the little glimpse of the milk strike, for the insistence on the general tragedy of which the Haldmarnes' tragedy is a small part. The novel ends, it is true, on the theme of resignation, but Miss Johnson takes refuge neither in mysticism nor in melodrama. There is, moreover, the hint, significant because of what has been said about organization: "It is not possible to go on alone."

I stress these things, not because they play a very important part in *Now in November,* but because their presence is an indication of the way Josephine Johnson's mind is working. She seems to be honest. She has said, "Salamandars and fungus seem more important than war or politics, but it is cowardly and impossible to ignore them and try to escape." It is well that, with her peculiar temperament and talents, she has learned that lesson so early. A concern with salamandars and fungus and all they symbolize is not wrong in itself, but it may all too easily mean a refusal to think about war and politics and all they symbolize. That is the way that Willa Cather and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, for example, have gone. Miss Johnson seems to see its dangers. The other way is our way. It, too, has its dangers, but the disintegration of the backbone is not one of them.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Brief Review

EDUCATION and SOCIAL PROGRESS, by Charles H. Judd. Harcourt, Brace & Co.. $2.00.

The author is head of the Department of Education at the University of Chicago. He considers himself a "radical" or as he would term it a "reconstructor," for he professes to see a struggle between the forces of conservatism and the forces of "reconstruction" and places himself on the side of "reconstruction." Relatively short as a book, it is still an extraordinarily lot of wind, of the sort let out by cautious people anxious not to make a noise. "If the social implications of what is now being said by students of social sciences are to be understood and are to be made the basis of a new social order . . ." then more money should be spent on the schools. That, in substance, is Dr. Judd's conclusion, a hint that expanded educators might successfully block "extremism." The fact that the school system can not be changed without changing society is left discreetly alone by Dr. Judd; and of those who know it and are ready to do something about it, Dr. Judd snarls feebly, ". . . these extremists have misconceived the function of the schools."

RAMESES TO ROCKEFELLER. The Story of Architecture, by Charles Harris Whitaker. Illustrated in Aquatone plates. Random House. $3.50.

In his very title Mr. Whitaker reveals his realistic attitude toward architecture, the art which the rulers of society most steadily have chosen to glorify themselves. The temples, the palaces, the Rockefeller cities, have not hidden the hovels. Architecture remains specks of grandeur on mire until it serves a completely social purpose. It would have been a simple and inevitable step for the author in his lively and well written history, to have pointed the direction civilization must go to achieve a humanly and universally great architecture. But, Mr. Whitaker frightened by the word Communism becomes unclear at the end, and uses instead labyrinthine paragraphs from which the thought never wholly emerges.

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The Theatre

Judgment Day

WHO ARE RIGHT? The newspaper critics who have trampled Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day*[1] under generally murderous words? or the second-night audience whose applause was enough to make the author break down and beam in a glowing curtain call? Is it "a pretty clumsy play" (New York Times), provided "with a hollow and unconvincing sound" (N. Y. World-Telegram), all in all "an incredible concoction" (N. Y. Post). Or may we suspect that after all 1,200 vociferating spectators can't be wrong?

At the risk of being stigmatized "liberal," I insist that both damners and praisers are justified. There can be little doubt that *Judgment Day* is one of the most jumbled, uneven melodramas that ever a skilled workman shoved into the semi-willing mouths of an arbitrary cast. Nor can one escape the fact that the action frequently wobbles between unintentional burlesque and febrile tragedy. Or that the final scene compounds the accumulated sound and fury into a dosage just a bit too gagging.

And yet on the head of the spectator normally acquiescent to the run of Broadway inanity *Judgment Day* falls like a disconcerting icy shower, bathing him with unsuspected speculations and utterly shocking realizations. It is because these politically unconscious and befuddled spectators constitute so vast a number of theatre-goers that *Judgment Day* assumes importance and value in the 1934 season.

To the politically illiterate spectators (from which group I hopefully exclude all NEW MASSES readers) the play as a whole naturally does not seem quite the naive jumble which it is. In one of the smaller European countries two members of the "Peoples Party" are on trial for attempted assassination of the Minister-President Vesnic. From the dialogue and direction it at once becomes clear that Rice is playing a variation in the vicinity of the Reichstag fire frame-up, using the more obvious asininities of the Hitler regime for creating a mood which seldom conveys anything deeper than variations of the Heil-Hitler salute, "Long Live Vesnic!" etc. Kurt Schneider, alien member of the illegalized party, is charged with firing the assassin's gun; George Khitov and Lydia Kuman (wife of the imprisoned party leader) are on trial for death charged with complotting. As the doped, imbecilic dupe of Vesnic's party Schneider makes an adequate analog of Van der Lubbe; pleading for her husband Kuman's and her own safety, Lydia sometimes registers moving pathos; but as a variation on Dimitroff, Khitov is an unforgivable burlesque. For nearly two acts the most his ordeal gets out of him is patience bitten with occasional irony; and when he finally does explode the explosion is almost casually brief and totally out of character with his hitherto quasi-affability and serenity—which serenity would have been understandable if Rice had shown it to be based upon a limitless faith in the power of the working-class to free the convicted from the death-sentence.

In view of the potential drama in the situation, the first act is far below the second, which begins to sparkle with the appearance of Rakovsky (variation on Goering). And when Rakovsky's girl-friend, the Italian opera star now infuriated by the boycott against foreign talent, surprises the court by exposing Rakovsky's complot with Schneider and thus undermines the State's case against the prisoners, the play begins to pick up. There is good theatre as well in the next scene—despite its unrealistic conception of Fascist frame-up technic—in which two of the five judges refuse to be party to the frame-up. They make it necessary for the dictator himself to testify. Some eminently unsubtle dialog warns the audience that the Peoples' Party is planning something. Enter the dictator whose general demeanor could hardly offend the Friends of New Germany. In almost no time one of the judges shoots him, shoots himself, Kuman suddenly appears freed from jail, embraces his wife—and, I presume, the audience is to gather that the whole problem has been solved by the death of the dictator, as of course Dollfuss' death has solved the problem of Austrian Fascism!

Obviously *Judgment Day* contributes nothing toward clarifying the bases and manifestations of Fascism. On the contrary, by emphasizing it to be soluble by removing the dictator, Rice misleads the spectator into accepting Fascism as a one-man tyranny instead of the thing which it is: the last frenzied stand of the capitalist ruling-class, which uses a naked and terroristic dictatorship in its attempt to hold on and whose dictator is the employe of the bourgeoisie. Rice has left out of his play the two real opposing forces: the bourgeoisie and the working masses.

There is no reason to believe that Rice sees the meaning of Fascism in terms of historical forces. Nowhere does he indicate that the sole solution lies in proletarian seizure of power. Nowhere does he penetrate to the basic forces below the Fascist manifestations. The spectator is left to conclude that bourgeois democracy is a mighty precious thing and the sole alternative.

It would be hardly intelligent to deny the positive value of *Judgment Day* in impressing on Broadway audiences reasons—if only superficial ones—for despising Fascism. For this Mr. Rice is to be commended. But that he has failed to make a true and moving presentation of his subject indicates a present stasis in his development. How much longer will he continue to waste his skill and influence as a dramatist on confused and therefore tentative analyses? How much longer will he hold up the mirage-virtues of a bourgeois democracy? When is he going to take the trouble to acquaint himself with the enemy which he undoubtedly wishes to liquidate? In other words, is it too much to hope for a thorough, satisfying, revolutionary play from him? Must we look elsewhere—among playwrights with less craft, perhaps, and surely less influence, who are unwilling to tell audiences half-truths? Is Elmer Rice himself satisfied with *Judgment Day?* Would he understand our earnestness and friendliness if THE NEW MASSES were to send him a copy of R. Palme Dutt's new book *Fascism and Social Revolution* and ask him to write another, a truer *Judgment Day?*

GEORGE WILLSON.

[1] *Judgment Day*, a play in three acts by Elmer Rice; at the Belasco Theatre.

Other Current Shows

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland from Erskine Caldwells novel. Forty-eighth Street Theatre. The best play now running. Amazing revelation of the sons and daughters of the American Revolution (the real stuff though). The place by no means tells the whole story of Georgia poor white trash, but what it tells is worth paying as much as a dollar-ten to see. Cheapest seat 50c.

Saluta with Milton Berle. Imperial Theatre. An extended and torpid floor show with an interesting dance by Felicia Sorel and partner. If you can get in for nothing leave immediately after that dance. If seats were 10c they wouldn't be worth it.

Dodsworth, by Sidney Howard from Sinclair Lewis' novel. Shubert Theatre. Tale of a big-shot business man who doesn't know what he wants and finds it. Indicates in a third-rate way the decay of part of the finance-aristocracy, and the rejuvenation, via love, of another part. Walter Huston and Maria Ouspenskaya are *actors* and worth applauding. Cheapest seat $1.10.

Sailor Beware. It doesn't matter who wrote and produced it. Lyceum Theatre. Smut just exciting enough to stimulate audiences for eleven months. Suggestive of a cover for Film Fun. Cheapest seat $1.10.

Too Many Boats, by Owen. By public acclamation this trifle has already closed. Mr. Davis and his backers failed to make money on a play which melodramatically attacked the honor of Negro soldiers as well as the character of Filipinos. The glorification of war and the suppression of minorities is still bad business in the theatre.

Strangers At Home, by Charles Divine. Longacre Theatre. W. 48th St. Good, clean boredom as harmless as a postage stamp, but with less purpose. A postage stamp will carry a letter around the world; this play carries you right to sleep. (Even the cheapest seat is 50c.)

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In A Burst of Fury

ROBERT FORSYTHE

QUITE THE MOST erroneous notion about motion picture reviewing is that the continued presence of the critic at his labors creates in him a feeling of sophistication and satiety which finally results in complete boredom. The exact contrary of course is true. There is a subtle poison which appears to seep down from the screen and worm its way up the aisle into the consciousness of the critic and which makes him relinquish standards which might have been handed down to him straight from St. Beuve. The longer he looks at pictures the more prepared he is to sit through productions which on any strict basis of artistic worth could only be compared with the shows the children used to have in the barn.

About five years ago I went through a lengthy period in which I never entered a movie theatre. Prior to that I had been seeing pictures on an average of twice a week and they seemed rather all right to me. After my vacation I picked my spots with care and went only to those features which were being hailed as world events. As I looked at them and looked around at the delighted audiences, it was plain that if this was art, insanity could not be far behind. I was at a loss to understand how anybody, even the most dunderheaded, could be taken in by this obvious nonsense. But as I went oftener that feeling began to leave me. Instead of saying, "This is terrible; let me out of here," I was saying, "Well, it isn't so bad; it's better than Jean Harlow last week."

A correspondent named Dee Brown in saying a few kind words about me in these pages several weeks ago was concerned about the possible effect of Hollywood on my brain. I am grieved to report that my unknown friend spoke more truly than I would have cared to admit. Last week in a burst of fury I saw four movies. If it hadn't been for the latter one, *Petersburg Nights,* I would have been lost. What I saw were Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in *Chained,* Kay Francis and Leslie Howard in *British Agent* and Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan in *Hideout.*

In *Chained* Miss Crawford looked like somebody in the old vaudeville quick-change act. It was said to be a Clarence Brown production but in reality it belonged to Adrian, the dress designer. The phrase about Mrs. Actor's plush horse is no longer new but it applies so aptly to our Joan that it seems unnecessary to invent anything to replace it. She was dressed up to the eyes and never appeared twice in the same garment. Her coiffure was altered almost as often and if I seem to bear upon these points it is only because I was so stunned by the magnificence of it all I could scarcely pay attention to the brilliant story which was being unfolded. It was something to do with a girl who is engaged to her employer, a fine oldish gentleman. She takes a trip to South America on one of his boats and meets Clark Gable, who is a gay chappie operating a ranch in the Argentine. What follows is love, Joan changing from a gown to riding clothes in time to get chased through the underbrush and finally fall panting to the ground in the arms of Mr. Gable.

She returns home to find that her old friend has sacrificed his wife and bairns to marry her and there is nothing for her to do but go through with it. In these scenes Miss Crawford is tragic. She weeps so steadily that the mystery increases as to how she can get her clothes changed without ruining the neckband with mascara. Of course she jilts Mr. Gable in marrying the elderly gentleman and by merest chance runs into him when he is on one of his rare visits to the States. Love flares forth again in a tragic way because it is love and yet it cannot be love, things being as they are with the old fellow, who has been very good to Joan in the way of wardrobe. Mr. Gable comes to take her away by force but when he sees what a gentleman the old gentleman is, he withdraws. The old fellow, however, understands more than appears on the surface. It is his turn now to sacrifice and he bunts to the pitcher, Miss Crawford and Mr. Gable both advancing one base to Paradise.

Heaven only knows why I waste time on such drivel unless it is to show you that I could sit through it and say to myself, "Well it might be worse; it's better than *The Fountain.*" This is where madness sets in; this is where the movie reviewer ceases to be a critic and becomes an adjunct of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer despite the earlier granite-like quality of his intellect. The simplest thing is not to get into an argument with your intellect but to start floating with the current. The hard thing is to keep insisting that even motion picture productions are a form of art and should be considered with as much dignity and attention as a play or a novel. My fellow reviewers on the Metropolitan newspapers have my sympathy. It is not only that they must review six or seven pictures a week, and thus be weakened by the ailment I have been describing, or that they are faced with the harsh looks of the advertising department but that they have, I am sure they must have, the feeling that "the people like it; why should I be so persnickety about it when they don't care anyhow." My feeling about Hollywood is much the same but for different reasons. I suffer from the knowledge that it isn't a fair contest; Hollywood is too easy.

Hideout was a picture in the manner of *It Happened One Night,* as most pictures are these days, even *Chained.* The swimming pool scene in *Chained* was the creek wading scene in *It Happened One Night.* It is probably true, however, that even *It Happened One Night* was prompted by the success of Robert Montgomery in his earlier humorous pictures. I saw a recent interview with Frank Capra, the director, in which he said as much. W. S. Van Dyke, the director of *Hideout,* is obviously profiting both from *It Happened One Night* and from his success, *The Thin Man,* which was also a copy of the Capra production. At the risk of boring you with it, I will say again that nobody can approach the Americans in humor and they are very good in the cinema generally when they avoid ideas. What they thrive on are notions and conceits, which pass in Beverly Hills as ideas. In any event *Hideout* was amusing and both Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan were excellent in their parts. It told of a gangster who was taken in by the farmer family and falls in love with the daughter. The cops finally come for him but she promises to wait until he has finished his term. The farm stuff is good and Van Dyke handles it well, even to the dinner table scene which is a replica of the dinner table scene in *The Thin Man.* If you will observe closely, you will see my barriers are breaking down one by one. Essentially what I am saying is that seeing *Hideout* is preferable to walking around outside in the rain.

British Agent is something else again. So far as I know it is the first time Hollywood has given the Soviet Union even a glimmer of an even break. Except for the ridiculous ending and the general tenor of the love affair, it is a faithful rendering of Lockhart's book. It shows that the English were perfectly willing to double-cross not only the Bolsheviks but their own representative if they felt it would overthrow Soviet power. In the subsequent counter-revolutionary plot, the British agent and the other conspirators do not appear in a lovely light. The producers can't resist the chance to show that the Bolsheviks were fanatical in their faith in the revolution, but that is a far advance from the shaggy haired bomb-throwing brutes who have been Hollywood's idea of the Communist in recent years. Lenin, Stalin and Trotsky are shown and are treated with such fairness that the film will undoubtedly be banned by the Lord Chancellor of England. My only regret is that it is not a better picture. Kay Francis is Lenin's secretary and also the lover of the British

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agent. He tries to keep Russia in the war on the side of the Allies but is repudiated by his country. From that he goes to intrigue, heads a revolt in Moscow and is finally cornered in his arsenal. In the meantime Lenin is shot and lingers between life and death. In order to save Russia Miss Francis informs on her lover. However, she goes to his hiding place to die with him when the loyal troops prepare to blow up the arsenal. As she waits in his arms for the explosion (watching the clock as the minutes race by), there come the sudden pealing of bells and shouts of joy. Lenin is recovering and all political prisoners are freed as a token of thanksgiving. This ending has been surpassed only by the picture in which Dolores Costello's virtue was saved by the San Francisco Earthquake.

Well, this wasn't so bad and I was bringing myself to think that something might be made of Hollywood when I went to see *Petersburg Nights* at the Cameo. I want to be very honest about this because every Hollywood product is not an abomination. It is neither sensible nor fair to consider everything on our side good because it comes from our side and it certainly doesn't help in maintaining the standards I have been talking about. So when I say that *Petersburg Nights* is a revelation after the ones I have mentioned, I am uttering a very faint truth. About every Soviet film there is—what shall I call it?—an air of maturity. Very obviously they are aimed at the grown mind rather than at the morons. Many Soviet pictures have defects from an American viewpoint but never are they an insult to the intelligence. *Petersburg Nights* is one of the best since the great films of the silent days. It has not only drama but humor and the usual fine characterizations. It concerns a young peasant composer who is without political consciousness and not too inclined to listen to it but who is just as little inclined to bow to his high class superiors of the late Czar's regime. His inferior friend Schultz is not so particular and goes on to being a great virtuoso. What Efimov gets for his independence is ruin. At the end comes complete degradation and misery. As he walks disconsolately about the streets on a winter night he comes upon a group of political prisoners being herded off to Siberia. As they march they sing a tune which seems to buoy them up and make them strong and brave. Suddenly it comes to him that it is one of his own compositions, something he had written years ago and forgotten about. The revolution has set it to words. It is a tremendous scene, one of the greatest in contemporary motion pictures. If a critic needed the sustenance which only real art can give him this would supply it. If he required the corrective to Hollywood which would allow him to see that manufactory of triviality in its true relative importance, this would also do it. As a general proposition I should say that one Soviet picture to every six from Hollywood would be necessary to maintain sanity. I suggest it to my bourgeois friends and to myself.

A Revolutionary Film

AT a modest but fitting "world premier" on September 14 at the headquarters of the Film and Photo League, Nancy Naumberg, a member of the League and James Guy of the John Reed Club presented their first independently produced silent film: *Sheriffed,* the first to come out of the revolutionary movement. The three-reel film was photographed on 16mm. stock. It is modest and unpretentious and has its faults. But the film has a certain vitality, freshness, and honesty that springs from its revolutionary conviction. *Sheriffed* is a dramatic documentary film: it deals with the poor farmers' fight against losing their homes and farms to the bankers and mortgagees. That the film will be popular was obvious that Friday night. Workers will give the same wholehearted support to revolutionary films that they have given to the productions of the Workers Laboratory Theater and the Theater Union.

But in order that future films by Naumberg and Guy (and others) get the fullest benefit of their experience it is important to analyze the structural faults of this initial film. It is obvious that the producers knew little or nothing about the structure and the writing of their scenario. They also fell short of the most effective manipulation of their material. Thus the film for the most part tells its story with captions rather than pictures. And like the early efforts in revolutionary literature the story is too pat: it takes too much for granted. Another thing that weakens it is poor photography. For that there was no excuse. Almost every conceivable error of cinematography is evident.

Revolutionary films must have high artistic quality in addition to their message if they are to have the most popular appeal. But only continued production, or as Ralph Steiner points out in the current *New Theatre,* a school based on production is the only way we can train the necessary forces for the kind of films the revolutionary movement demands. Therefore it is good to learn that Ralph Steiner, Leo Hurwitz, and Irving Lerner have organized such a *film producing* group in connection with the Workers Laboratory Theatre.

The Film and Photo League has organized a new series of film showings. The first showing of the new season will be Sept. 22. There will be a program of experimental shorts and a new Film and Photo Newsreel.

PETER ELLIS.

Between Ourselves

A MEETING of New York readers and subscribers of THE NEW MASSES will be held Tuesday evening, September 25th, at Webster Manor, 119 East 11th Street. A full report on the present condition of the magazine will be made.

Joshua Kunitz's lecture tour opens in Rochester, October 6, under the auspices of Pen and Hammer of that city. Thereafter his itinerary is as follows: Buffalo, Oct. 8; Olean, N. Y., Oct. 9; Cleveland, Oct. 10; Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 11; Detroit, Oct. 12; Grand Rapids, Oct. 13; Kalamazoo, Oct. 14; Chicago, Oct. 15; Milwaukee, Oct. 16; St. Louis, Oct. 18; Indianapolis, Oct. 19; Louisville, Oct. 20; Cincinnati, Oct. 21; Pittsburgh, Oct. 23; Philadelphia, Oct. 25.

Merle Colby, who reports in this issue on the textile strike picket line in Massachusetts, was a member of several groups of writers and artists sent into the strike area by the New England Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, which has organized a press bureau at 11 Beacon Street, Boston, Room 412.

Walter Snow, New York newspaperman and active member of the John Reed Club, went into the Rhode Island area on a special trip for THE NEW MASSES. Snow is working on a novel, *The Magnificent Marchetti.*

The Second U. S. Congress Against War and Fascism, which will be held in Chicago, September 27-28-29, has made arrangements through the World Tourists, Inc., for a special anti-war train to Chicago. This special flier will leave New York, September 27th, at 9:30 A. M.

Trade Unions, I.W.O. branches, fraternal organizations, are electing delegates to the anti-war congress. New York expects to have over a thousand delegates. It is essential that the delegates immediately make reservations on the special train, through the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East 19th Street, New York.

Visitors desiring to be present at the anti-war congress, can make reservations, through the World Tourists, Inc., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at the minimum rate of $20 for a round trip ticket, which price includes two meals on the train.

Joseph North will report the congress for THE NEW MASSES.

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